

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. I.—No. 15. [REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 17th, 1897.

[PRICE SIXPENCE,  
BY POST 6AD.]



Photo. by LAFAYETTE,

THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

Dublin.

## SPEED THE PLOUGH.

IN many old farm-houses one still finds tall glasses, set on a high stem, and decorated with signs and tokens which might have adorned the vessels in a Greek temple of Ceres. A corn sheaf, a sickle, a flail, and a plough are engraved on the side, and over the plough the words "Speed the," the whole making the legend "Speed the plough." These glasses were used for strong beer (ale was only the thinner brew, and reckoned very poor stuff) at the "seed-feast," given when the seed corn had been bought, and autumn and winter ploughing was begun. Farmers then were quite fond of their business, and liked to do things well, and even smartly, on the farm as well as at home. After the seed-feast they would start the whole of their teams—six, eight, or ten matched pairs—all with new fittings, and red tassels on their harness, in the field nearest to the road, where everyone could see and admire them. Fortunately the ugly buzzing steam plough has made no great way in displacing the plough teams; and though harness is no longer as smart as farmers used to like to see it, autumn ploughing is a very pretty sight. A really fine set of Suffolk horses, all chestnuts, with scarlet-lined collars, brass collar bands, rows of brass stars fastened on the back pieces, and on great occasions, such as a ploughing match, broad crimson webbing with tassels on the ends across their backs, form a



Photo. by C. Reid,

## SUFFOLK PUNCHES

Wishaw, N.B.

picturesque a sight as can be seen in the fields. The more teams that can be set working at a time the better. The horses work better for company, and so do the men. They cross and recross, with a word and a joke at each turn, or argue till out of hearing, and pick up the thread of the dispute when the respective teams meet again. Then there is all the shouting to the teams, the growls, and "swear-words" at an awkward turn or a "jumping" plough, and frequent stops for "hedge-row meals" of cold pork, bread, cake and beer, which a morning at the plough makes so delicious.

Harness, horses, plough, and men are all different in different districts. The fine teams of SUFFOLK PUNCHES were mentioned above. Our first illustration gives an exact and life-like picture of these celebrated animals. The harness, plough, and ploughman, as well as the horses, should be contrasted with those in the beautiful scene on the edge of a Kent hop-garden below it. The Suffolk scene is from Rendlesham Farm, at Rendlesham, in Suffolk. This is the property in dispute in the great Thellusson case, by which Peter Thellusson's will was upset, and the entail of land limited. His descendant, the present Lord Rendlesham, inherited Rendlesham Hall and the fine property, a corner of which is shown in our first illustration. There are three plough teams, all chestnut Suffolk Punches; and at the back are two "tumbrels" of manure. "What is a 'timbrel?'" asked a teacher in a Suffolk Sunday School. A dozen hands were held up. "Please, sir, what we carts our muck in."

Their horses are beautifully groomed and neatly harnessed. The make of the collars is workmanlike, with brass horns like a lyre, an absence of superfluous straps, and clean white reins of cotton rope. The plough is a wooden one, with a single handle, and every bit of it is made by the local wheelwright and blacksmith between them. What is better, it suits the heavy clay soil, and the single-handled plough makes a perfect instrument for ploughing a straight furrow. The left-hand rein is gripped in the hand which holds the plough stilt, and the right is held loose against the cross-peg.

The ploughman does not look what is called in Suffolk "a man of much blandishment." He is, in fact, exactly the same stock that Cromwell's Puritan soldiers were made from. But for his work he is perfect. Tall, bearded, long-armed, and resolute, a most awkward customer in bodily or verbal dispute—for he will argue for an hour or preach in chapel quite as long—he is almost too able a man for the low rate of



Photo. by C. Reid,

## A PREHISTORIC PLOUGH.

Wishaw, N.B.



Photo. by C. Reid,

## SCRATCH PAIRS AT HENLEY.

Wishaw, N.B.



labourer's pay. His costume is that of the well-to-do East-Anglian labourer, and has a "grace of congruity," as will be seen by the way it fits into the picture. The most characteristic item is the sleeved waistcoat; it has a collar, a corduroy front, and big flap pockets, and a double back and arms of hard, almost waterproof "jean." White, unstarched collar, coloured tie, cord trousers, and gaiters make up the Suffolk ploughman's dress—far more substantial than the old smock frocks, breeches, and home-made stockings.

This perfect equipment is a contrast to the nondescript "rig" of the men working the ploughs in the lovely Kentish scene below. The horses there are good—"Shire horses," not Suffolk Punches; but the ploughs are most primitive affairs, with mould

boards nailed to the sides, hardly better than the prehistoric plough of Italy. The ground is being prepared for potatoes or turnips, early, before the plum blossom has fallen. The curious conical buildings on the left of the fine farm-house are "hop-oasts," where the hops are dried. Our third picture is one of those perfectly representative bits of English farm scenery which one finds in the home counties. It is a field near Henley-on-Thames, where last year's stubble is being broken up in early spring.

But the teams are a "scratch" lot; even the ploughs are different, and neither horses nor men have the individuality and "character" of the East Anglian pioneers of improved farming.

C. S. CORNISH.

## COUNTRY LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

### CONTENTS.

#### ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
<i>The Countess Annesley</i> ... ..	395
<i>Suffolk Punches; Speed the Plough</i> ... ..	396
<i>A Prehistoric Plough</i> ... ..	396
<i>Scratch Hairs at Henley</i> ... ..	396
<i>Off to Draw; Mr. Quare's Harriers</i> ... ..	401
<i>Crossing Bech Hill Park</i> ... ..	401
<i>Before Racing; the Royal Buckhounds Point-to-Point</i> ... ..	402
<i>Receiving Instructions</i> ... ..	402
<i>In Line for the Start; Light-weights</i> ... ..	402
<i>The First Fence</i> ... ..	403
<i>The Last Fence</i> ... ..	403
<i>The Clerk of the Scales</i> ... ..	403
<i>The Winner of the Light-weights</i> ... ..	403
<i>Calling the Numbers; Heavy-weights</i> ... ..	404
<i>Go!</i> ... ..	404
<i>The Start for the Farmers' Race</i> ... ..	405
<i>Knocked Out</i> ... ..	405
<i>A Long Reach; Hockey</i> ... ..	405
<i>Intercepting a Pass</i> ... ..	406
<i>Sticks!</i> ... ..	406
<i>Lady Mostyn and Her Children</i> ... ..	407
<i>The Chapel; Ightham Mote</i> ... ..	408
<i>The East Front</i> ... ..	408
<i>Ightham Mote</i> ... ..	409
<i>Brian II.; Dogs and Their Owners</i> ... ..	410
<i>Charley's Aunt</i> ... ..	410
<i>The Hundred; Oxford and Cambridge Sports</i> ... ..	411
<i>The Hurdles</i> ... ..	411
<i>The Start for the Mile</i> ... ..	411
<i>The Finish of the Mile</i> ... ..	412
<i>The High Jump; Kirlew...</i> ... ..	412
<i>Cholmeley</i> ... ..	412
<i>Long Jump</i> ... ..	413
<i>The Three Miles</i> ... ..	413
<i>Hampton</i> ... ..	414
<i>The Liverpool Number Board; Sidelights at Aintree</i> ... ..	414
<i>A Previous Winner</i> ... ..	415
<i>The Second Favourite</i> ... ..	415
<i>Norton and Kingsclere; Australian Importations</i> ... ..	416
<i>Daimio and Paraphuie</i> ... ..	416
<i>Australian Steeplechasing</i> ... ..	416
<i>In the Paddock; the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases</i> ... ..	417
<i>Within the Meaning of the Act?</i> ... ..	417
<i>The Weighing-room</i> ... ..	418
<i>The Heavy-weights Cantering Down</i> ... ..	418
<i>The Start; Heavy-weights</i> ... ..	418
<i>In Full Swing</i> ... ..	419
<i>The Last Fence</i> ... ..	419

#### LITERARY.

<i>Speed the Plough</i> ... ..	396
<i>Country Notes</i> ... ..	397
<i>Our Portrait Illustrations...</i> ... ..	400
<i>Paris at Play</i> ... ..	400
<i>Between the Flags; by Ubique</i> ... ..	400
<i>Mr. Quare's Harriers</i> ... ..	401
<i>The Royal Buckhounds Point-to-Point</i> ... ..	402
<i>Hockey</i> ... ..	405
<i>Country Homes: Ightham Mote; by John Leyland</i> ... ..	406
<i>Dogs and Their Owners</i> ... ..	410
<i>The Oxford and Cambridge Sports</i> ... ..	410
<i>Hampton</i> ... ..	414
<i>Sidelights at Aintree</i> ... ..	414
<i>Worked Quarter Sheets</i> ... ..	415
<i>Australian Importations</i> ... ..	416
<i>The Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases</i> ... ..	417
<i>Books of the Day</i> ... ..	419
<i>Town Topics</i> ... ..	420
<i>In the Garden</i> ... ..	422

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration—and if suitable to accept and pay for—photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, bearing upon any of the subjects of which COUNTRY LIFE can treat, besides literary contributions in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short sporting stories dealing with racing, hunting, etc.

It must be distinctly understood that no one will be treated with who is not the owner of the copyright of the photograph submitted, or who has not the permission in writing of the owner of the copyright to submit the photograph to the Editor of COUNTRY LIFE for reproduction.

With regard to photographs, the price required, together with all descriptive particulars, must be plainly stated in a letter accompanying the prints. If it is desired, in the case of non-acceptance, that the latter should be returned, a sufficiently stamped and directed envelope must be enclosed for the purpose.

An Index to Vol. III. of RACING ILLUSTRATED can be obtained on application by letter—enclosing stamped addressed halfpenny wrapper—to the Manager, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

### COUNTRY NOTES.

THE weather of the past week has been unsettled and treacherous, with strong, cold winds and some rain, while on one morning the metropolis was enveloped in a dense fog of the "London particular," or heavy pea soup, variety. In London parks and gardens there is plenty of green to be seen, and in the country, which is usually two or three weeks behind the capital in this respect, trees and hedges are alike exhibiting renewed life. Perhaps, however, the evidences which will be most likely to call the attention of the town dweller to the season are the fruits and vegetables which are now appearing in the shop windows. Such things as strawberries, green peas, and French beans, for which our grandfathers had to wait till June and July, can, owing to improved methods of cultivation and more particularly to the greater facilities of carriage, be obtained early in April.

Of course the great event of the year in London will be the Diamond Jubilee. It shares with the weather premier honours as a topic of conversation and provides endless "copy" for the newspapers. Much speculation has been indulged in by the purchase of windows and other coigns of vantage from which the procession may be seen, for resale at fabulous profits as the great day approaches; but it is not improbable that the rapacity of these speculators will in many cases over-reach itself, and that the present extravagantly high prices will go down considerably. Two thousand pounds for the use of one house for a single day is a tall order indeed, and unless there are some causes at work which are not observable to the casual looker on, a considerable "slump" in Jubilee Procession windows may be looked for with some degree of confidence.

Just before the renewal of dog licences was due at the end of last year, the muzzling regulations of the London County Council were removed, and dogs were allowed in the street without the hated and inconvenient restraint to which for some time previously they had been subjected. Soon after the month of January—during which time nearly all dog licences are purchased—was past, the Board of Agriculture in their wisdom reimposed the regulations, but in a more vexatious and annoying form even than those of the County Council, because it is not only ordered that dogs should be muzzled in all public places within the area over which the regulations were operative, but it is absolutely necessary that one particular pattern of muzzle should be used, and dogs wearing muzzles of any other shape or design, however efficient they may be for the purpose, are liable to seizure by the police, and unless promptly claimed they are liable to death in the lethal chamber and subsequent cremation at the Dogs' Home at Battersea.

When the British public fully makes up its mind that a thing has got to be done, that thing is done, and if one can deduce the popular feeling in the matter from the tone of the newspapers

which have dealt with the subject, undoubtedly some alteration will have to be made. Either the regulations will have to be rescinded altogether, or else they must be so modified that they will be more in accord with popular opinion. The mere fact that it has been considered necessary after the interval of a few weeks to reimpose the restrictions clearly shows, that either the previous muzzling order quite failed in the purpose for which it was intended, or what is more probable, the small group of so-called experts at the Board of Agriculture who have charge of the matter have quite failed to realise their responsibilities to the public in dealing with it.

The efficacy of muzzling as a preventive of hydrophobia is by no means proved, because the well-cared-for, well-fed dogs, who are the only ones likely to be muzzled, are not those from which danger will arise, but the homeless, starving gutter dogs which, without any special regulations for the purpose, the police are empowered, nay instructed, to seize and convey to the Dogs' Home. Why then are our canine friends subjected to the inconvenience and torture, for it is nothing less, which the new regulation muzzle must infallibly cause? As a means of inducing madness in dogs, nothing better could be devised, but as a protection for the public it has no special advantages. Unless it be that as the supply of this particular pattern is nothing like equal to the sudden demand, a large number of dog-owners who are quite prepared to comply with the regulations are unable to obtain the necessary shape, and their pets are in consequence liable at any minute to be run in by the police, and possibly lose their lives, as well as their homes and liberty, for the crime of being muzzleless.

The whole thing is monstrous, but the management, or rather mismanagement, of the business is just what one might have expected from a Government department which can regard with apathy the scandals connected with the operation of the swine fever regulations. Let us have no sickly sentimentality in this matter—let us protect man from hydrophobia by all means in our power, by exterminating the whole canine race if nothing short of such a course will have the desired effect; and if it be necessary to adopt precautionary measures, by all means adopt them, but see that these measures are first of all necessary or desirable, and above all that they are effective.

There was nothing very interesting about the two days' racing at Lewes last week, except for the third consecutive victory of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's two year old filly, Delicacy, in the Abergavenny Stakes. She had already won the Tathwell Stakes at Lincoln, and the Croxton Park Stakes at the meeting of that name, and her Lewes performance stamps her as an undoubtedly useful filly. This is the more worthy of notice at the present moment, as she is undoubtedly inferior both to Gay Lothair and Guisla, so that it may be possible to pay too much attention to the respective defeats of these two at Warwick and Derby. In fact, as I have already pointed out with regard to the first of these, the neat little son of Lactantius is hardly built on weight-carrying lines, and 9st. 7lb. is a crushing weight for any two year old to carry at this early period of the season, whilst both of those who finished in front of him may be better than is generally supposed. At any rate he was giving them 10lb. apiece. I shall expect this good-looking youngster to redeem his somewhat tarnished reputation before long. Another two year old that I have a high opinion of is St. Ia, who won the Lincoln Stakes, beating Guisla, winner of the Althorp Park Stakes at Northampton, a week later on, and I shall be anxious to see how this young lady performs the next time she is stripped in public.

It is more than probable that all these four, Gay Lothair, Guisla, St. Ia, and Delicacy, are useful two year olds, though I shall be surprised if they do not all go down if they ever meet the beautiful sister to St. Frusquin—Isabinda. When I last saw this filly, in the Southcourt paddocks, as a yearling, I thought I had never set eyes on one I liked better, whilst we all know what a real good horse her brother was, and as she is in every way better-looking, it will be disappointing indeed if she fails to be something quite out of the common. I know that she has gone on in the right way since she went to Newmarket, and I shall await her first appearance in public with the greatest interest. I think that Firearm will improve, perhaps more than any two year old that was seen out at the first meeting of the season, and I also have good reason for believing that Slice of Luck will pay for following.

A very persevering animal is Mr. Bleakley's I.O.U., who has been hard at work all the winter over fences and hurdles, and now is just as busy on the flat. At Warwick he ran third for a Welter Handicap to Son o' Mine, who, finding that he could win without troubling himself, actually condescended to do so, and that very useful hurdler, Fossicker. The very next day he

finished second to Strange Lord in the Great Midland National Hunt Flat Race, and at Lewes, four days afterwards, occupied the same place to Mr. Rucker's Northallerton, in the Southdown Open Welter Handicap. At Derby, Clorane, for all his 9st. 10lb., was made favourite for the Doveridge Handicap Stakes. He certainly looked better than he did at Lincoln, and the increased ease with which he beat Court Ball, Bucephalus, and Sardis, showed that he had come on in the meantime. In fact he was always winning his race, and the moment Morny Cannon got through with him he strole away with ease, and won by two lengths. Villiers, who will win a good race soon, was second, and Diakka, who looked and ran better than he did at Lincoln, third.

I have for a long time thought Clorane the best handicap horse in training, and, indeed, it is quite possible that he is a bit better even than that, knowing as I do what he could give to Dinna Forget and Wise Virgin at home last year. In the Lincoln Handicap, too, he was giving 13lb. to the winner, and would certainly have beaten him if he had been at his very best, whilst he carried 2lb. more and won in a canter at Derby. His weight in the City and Suburban is now 10st. 6lb., and I am sure that he would have backers if he went to the post even with that impost, while I should certainly be among his supporters if he ran for the Jubilee Stakes, for which his weight is now 10st. However, I have good authority for stating that it is not at the present moment intended that he shall run for either of these events.

The English lacrosse season, now nearly dead, has been distinguished by many fine games, but by no more interesting struggle than that between North and South, on Saturday last, at Richmond. The home team was a well-selected one, and proved nearly, if not quite, as clever as their visitors at all points, but in condition they failed, and the last ten minutes proved truly disastrous. North won, in fact, by eleven goals to seven, although within a quarter of an hour of the finish the score was level, seven each. The attack play on both sides was remarkably good, as the heavy scoring shows, but the defences were by no means weak. After the match the English team was selected, eight Northern and four Southern players being chosen, but they will not meet Ireland until September, when the Irishmen will be at the end of their season, a summer one, while the English players will be only just starting. The Crescent Athletic Club, of Brooklyn, have not been faring particularly well in Ireland, and will probably return to the States with a due appreciation of British lacrosse; they play their final match in England next week, when Surrey will meet them, on Wednesday, at the Crystal Palace.

Many enthusiasts will probably commence their river season at Easter, but the weather seems hardly settled enough for ordinary pleasure work. The rowing clubs have started in earnest, particularly in metropolitan waters, both the London and Thames Rowing Clubs having held their opening four and eights last week, while Kensington R.C. had a junior sculling-race, and the Anglian B.C. tub pairs and scratch eights. The spring racing season, too, of the sailing clubs of the Thames is in full swing, and on the non-tidal waters, the Thames, Tamesis, Upper Thames, and other clubs have decided several matches. There is a prospect of good sport in all branches of aquatics, as the associations devoted to punting, punt-sailing, canoeing, and skiff-racing show by their annual reports that they have every chance of success this season.

The late dates of Henley Regatta this year, July 14th, 15th, and 16th, have rather disorganised the minor meetings, as well as inconvenienced metropolitan oarsmen, and the departure from precedent has not been received kindly outside University circles. American competition will not be so keen this year, as no college crew from the States will contend in the Grand Challenge Cup race; a meeting between Harvard and Oxford in the near future is, however, quite "on the cards." In the Stewards' Cup, at Henley, a Winnipeg Rowing Club four will race, while Mr. E. H. Ten Eyck and Dr. McDowell, two American scullers, have entered for the Diamonds. The entry of an Australian eight for the "Grand" was reported on Monday, but this cannot be accepted unless the Henley Committee depart from their usual rule regarding foreign entries, which close on March 31st, except for certain Dutch, French, and German rowing associations.

The first of this season's field trials—those of the Kennel Club—held over Capt. Pretymann's estate at Orwell, near Ipswich, proved very successful. After the first day, however, when no fewer than twenty-three trials in the Derby were run, the sport proved just a little tame. This was undoubtedly due to the heavy rain, which caused scent to fail, whilst the birds on the Levington Heath side were much wilder than those met



with at Trimley on the opening day. The attendance was wonderfully representative, and it is to my mind a great pity that an effort is not made to popularise the trials with the general public. At times, however, proceedings drag terribly, and as a lot of country is covered during the day, none but the most enthusiastic can be expected to closely follow the trials, which are certainly the only legitimate way of discovering the working abilities of purely sporting dogs.

On no estate is game better preserved than at Orwell, consequently there was no lack of birds, and an Australian visitor, Mr. S. Hordern, expressed himself as being immensely pleased with the quality of the sport shown. It is, I believe, his intention to inaugurate similar trials in the Antipodes, and on his return he may take back a choice team of a working strain. As regards the actual trials, the only stake proving really interesting was the Derby, for pointer and setter puppies bred in 1896. Twenty-six entries were received, and after the first round Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Irish setter, Barton Punch, was greatly fancied for the first or second prize. A bye he had in the third round he ran with Mr. H. Drury's Roy of Meirelbeke, and here his form was anything but brilliant, consequently no one was surprised that he failed to be in the quartette called out by the judges for the final trial. These were Mr. C. Austin's Sam Sullivan, Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellyn's Gem Corbet and Kitty Wind'em, and Mr. Elias Bishop's Prince Pedro. First prize of £75 was eventually taken by the first-named, an Irish setter of rare working ability. Beyond remarking that the All-aged Stake of £50 was won by the Continental sportsman, Mons. A. Morren, with his pointer, Bendigo of Brussels, the other competitions call for no comment.

Even the lay Press commented on the immense value of the exhibits at the sheepdog show at the Crystal Palace a week ago, for it is not often Metropolitans have the opportunity of seeing so fine a brace of collies as Southport Perfection and Ormskirk Emerald, the Lancashire cracks the collie king, Mr. A. H. Megson, spent a small fortune in acquiring. The elder dog has certainly seen his best days, although he still claims, and rightly too, to be the best headed collie living. He has, however, developed a very nasty temper, and quite resented the appearance of other dogs in the ring. His kennel-mate, Ormskirk Emerald, is now in perfect coat, and in addition to winning the dog championship carried off the much-coveted 60-guineas challenge cup offered for the best collie in the show. The young stock benched was fairly promising, far and away the best being two puppies shown by Mr. T. H. Stretch, and claiming the great Emerald as sire.

That Cambridge should have emerged from the Inter-Varsity Racquets contest with flying colours was quite in accordance with general expectations, but although the issue in the singles was never for a moment in doubt, the doubles, which were decided at Queen's Club on Friday afternoon, did not certainly prove the gift for them that the most sanguine of their supporters predicted, although it is true they won the rubber well by four games to two. R. E. Foster (Malvern and University), who is brother to the well-known cricketer and amateur racquets champion, H. K. Foster, and R. H. de Montmorency (Cheltenham and Keble), both of whom played for the dark blues in the Inter-Varsity golf match at Sandwich, represented Oxford, while the Cambridge pair were J. H. Stoddon and E. Garnett, both of whom hail from Trinity. For a while it was an uphill task for Oxford, but they struggled on pluckily, and after the first two games had gone against them by 15-9 and 15-1, they succeeded in turning the tables on their opponents, for the next games fell to their share by 15-11 on both occasions. Garnett, although he played a very fine game in the courts, was not serving at his best, but for all that, at the finish Cambridge asserted their superiority and annexed the final games by 15-10 and 15-7. Some splendid rallies were the leading features of the game, which, from start to finish, proved to be an exceedingly interesting one, inasmuch as the sides were fairly well matched.

Foster and Garnett, who had displayed the best form all round in the doubles, met in the Inter-Varsity singles on Saturday, when there was again a large and fashionable gathering at the Queen's Club. That Cambridge would follow up their success in the doubles by securing the singles was as sure as certainties in sport go, but for all that the dark blue partisans hoped for something better than a three games to love defeat. At all points of the game Garnett proved superior to his rival, for not only was he better in the court, but his service was far more effective. For the greater part of the time the hands ruled small, but after the first game had gone to Cambridge, 15-6, Garnett, who had run out with two, continued his hand, and made a fine sequence of twelve aces, eventually winning the game by 15-5.

In the concluding game, Garnett always held the upper hand, and by winning this (15-5), placed the honours to the credit of Cambridge by three games to love.

Britannia sailed the last of her matches in the Mediterranean regattas this season on the 6th inst., when the Prince's yacht succeeded in defeating Ailsa for the President's Cup over a course from Nice to Monaco and back. The following day the craft was visited in Nice harbour by Her Majesty the Queen, who, after viewing the Coupe de la Méditerranée lately won by the Britannia, conferred upon Captain Carter the medal of the Victorian order. Mr. Walker decided to continue racing his yacht, and on the 7th inst. took part in the race for yachts of all sizes in cruising trim from Nice to Genoa, where she is competing, but with her old opponent away the racing does not prove of any great interest to any but those actively engaged. Britannia is said, on "good authority," to have been sold to Mr. Gordon Bennett, but up to the time of writing the report has not been confirmed from any official quarter. Should such be the case, however, it will, no doubt, alter her prospective arrangements.

The British boats, as usual, have been very successful, carrying off a large percentage of the many valuable prizes offered. Ailsa and Britannia had the matches for big yachts all to themselves throughout, and at the commencement of the season the Royal yacht looked like carrying all before her. Eventually, however, Ailsa began to show her sailing powers, with the result that at the finish she was credited with eight firsts and one second to Britannia's seven firsts. Of the smaller craft, Samphire, Colonel Pager's 18-tonner, has improved wonderfully on previous form, the various alterations made to her apparently having good effect. True, she has not such a long prize record as some, her number of wins being eight firsts, five seconds, and two thirds; but it was the general opinion down south that she was the pick of the bunch. Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Lambert's Asphodel and Fern have been pre-eminently successful, the latter securing no fewer than fourteen firsts.

The yachting world, in common with all British subjects, will be busy commemorating Her Majesty's sixty years of sovereignty, and news is thus early to hand of many valuable special prizes to be competed for this season. The Clyde clubs have arranged to hold a Record Reign Regatta on June 19th, when several Commemoration Cups will be sailed for. Colonel Peters, too, has presented a 100-guinea cup to the Royal Thames Yacht Club for the Nore to Dover match. This year is also the anniversary of the 25th year of the reign of His Majesty King Oscar II. of Sweden, and in celebration thereof the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, of which His Majesty is patron, have arranged a race for a Jubilee Cup, open to all recognised yacht clubs.

Advices are to hand from across the Atlantic of a couple of 51ft. racing yachts, which are shortly to be launched and raced during the whole season in New York waters. The boats, it is expected, will cause some surprise amongst yachtsmen, and great interest will centre in their doings, inasmuch as one has been designed by Fife, the celebrated Scotch draughtsman, and the other by Gardner, the well-known American designer.

A well-known figure in the yachting world has lately passed away in the person of Mr. Philip Percival. Formerly in the Guards, Mr. Percival was one of Her Majesty's escort at her Coronation, and, as one of the oldest and most respected members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, his loss will be severely felt. The obituary list also includes Mr. A. Doveton Clark, a prominent member of the Royal Albert Y.C., and Mr. S. T. Blake, the owner of the yawl Alver, who received fatal injuries whilst hunting.

A short time ago there was something very like a pitched battle at Carshalton—I beg pardon, Case-horton—between a farmer and his hands on one side, and the master, huntsmen, and members of a local hunt on the other, the *casus belli* being the hunt riding over the farmer's land. He objected, and not without reason, to people from London, whom he did not know and in whom he had no interest, destroying his crop of "spring onions." The current issue of Middlesex and Hertfordshire *Notes and Queries* reminds us how very old is the grievance of landowners and occupiers in the vicinity of the metropolis against people from London, as it reprints an account of a meeting held at Stanmore on 15th June, 1808, the Earl of Essex in the chair, to protest against the damage to crops, gates, fences, and stiles, etc., which the crowds from London, hunting with the local hounds, caused, damage for which, as it was done by strangers, there were no adequate means of claiming or enforcing compensation.

The mention of the curious way in which the name of the Surrey village of Carshalton is locally pronounced reminds me of two matronly members of the Brixton Bourgeoisie who were discussing this very matter. Said one to the other, "Yes, my dear, and it is not only the names of places which are pronounced

in this ridiculous manner, but some of the aristocracy are quite as absurd—spell their family names quite differently to the way in which they are pronounced. One family, for instance, spells its name C-h-o-l-m-o-n-d-c-l-e-y, and pronounces it Marchbanks." *Se non è vero, etc.* HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE COUNTESS ANNESLEY, whose portrait appears upon the frontispiece, is the second wife of Earl Annesley, a representative Irish peer, late Lieut.-Col. Scots Fusilier Guards. It is not many seasons since all London was talking of the beautiful Miss Armitage Moore, a daughter of an Irish branch of the great Scottish house of Mure of Rowallan, into which the third Earl Annesley had already married. Miss Armitage Moore was the young cousin of the Earl, who is now her husband. The first Countess died in 1891, and some fifteen months after, Miss Moore became Lady Annesley. She has two daughters, the younger aged eighteen months, and the elder nearly four years. Her stepson, Lord Glerawly, is just thirteen, and his sister is his senior by three years. It was a curious coincidence that the Dowager Countess, who died in 1891, had precisely the same name as the subject of our sketch, viz.: Priscilla Cecilia Armitage Moore. The Earl and Countess live during the greater part of the year on their Irish estates, which are situated in the County Down, but usually pass some portion of the London season at their town house, Annesley Lodge, Regent's Park.

LADY MOSTYN, whose portrait appears on page 407, became the wife of Baron Mostyn in 1879. She is a sister of the fourth Earl of Leitrim and aunt of the present peer. The Earl, who was murdered in Donegal in the agrarian outrage of 1878, was her uncle. Lady Mostyn is the youngest of six sisters, all of whom are married. Her father was in holy orders, and was Vicar of Norton and Hon. Canon of Durham Cathedral. Though he was fifth and youngest son of the second Earl, his only son inherited the title. In consideration of this circumstance, Lady Mostyn and her sisters were granted the style and precedence of Earl's daughters.

Lady Mostyn's eldest boy died at the age of two. The surviving brothers are twelve and ten years old respectively. They are both devoted to their only sister, who is not quite eight. Lord Mostyn's is a very ancient Welsh family, which derives paternally from the royal house of Tudor. The arms assigned by the Welsh heralds to the representative of the family in the 9th century are still borne by the head of the family—a Saracen's head erased at the neck and environed about the temples with a wreath in gold and silver. The genealogy runs through a long line of Lloyds (Lihuyd), a name that remains among the patronymics of this old family to the present moment.

## PARIS AT PLAY.

SO this year we are to see cricket largely developed as a French game. Without being absolutely certain on the point, I fancy that cricket first saw the light in Paris through the rivalry existing between the staffs of the two English dailies—the *Galignani's Messenger* and the *New York Herald*. The matches were, as a rule, played at six in the morning, in the Bois de Vincennes, when the men came off work. Since then other teams have sprung up, and one of them two years ago, composed largely of Frenchmen, beat all comers.

But cricket as played by the French exclusively is a little bewildering. There is a dash of baseball, football, and Indian club drill in it. Of cricket there is little—a M.C.C. authority who stuck close to the rules as laid down would say there was none at all. Strolling through the Bois de Nogent the other afternoon, I came across a game in full progress, under French laws, or absence of laws, as you like. There were the allotted eleven in the field, but dotted all over the place were outposts, who swooped down on the ball whenever it came in their direction. Once it came near my feet, and I picked up and glanced at it. Years ago it, no doubt, played a noble part in some polo match, and since then, and before finding its new situation, it had probably been the property of some fantastic dog-owner who delighted in sending his dog on useless errands in order to have the pleasure of seeing a ball brought back in its mouth. The wickets had been pitched in a promiscuous and experimental fashion. They were quite twenty yards apart, and there was every suggestion that the line had been adjusted by a man who squinted. The distribution of the field was evidently left to the private judgment of the player. There was only one man on the off side, and he was smoking a cigarette, and for all the work that ever came in his way he might have been engaged in writing a poem. There was a full muster behind the wicket, and square-leg was fairly well dotted.

The bowler took the ball and stepped back quickly. Then he ran forward, twisting his body like a serpentine dancer. He did not bowl because he tripped over a tuft of grass. The batsman meanwhile was going through a series of decidedly theatrical manoeuvres. He cut imaginary fours, drove imaginary sixes, and occasionally held out the bat like a railway signal in its normal position. But at last the ball was sent down by means of a jerk and a throw, but the long grass took away all the sting, and it arrived in a moribund condition and fell an easy victim to a single.

But after all said and done it was in this careless and unsystematic fashion

that football was born into the French world of pastime, but once started it made rapid progress. A French team this season beat so good all round a set as St. George's Hospital, and every Chris mas when the English come over they strengthen little by little their teams. But it is a painful idea for an Englishman to regard a day when France was a cricket enthusiastic country. It would, I honestly believe, mean the exodus from England of some of the most famous cricketing professionals, who would be bought up by rival managers at their own estimate. France has gone sporting mad, and M. Badel, of the Seine and Buffalo Velodromes, clears in a month over £1,000.

Yet five years ago the English ridiculed the idea of any Frenchman ever competing with them on the wheel. To-day every English crack has gone down before a Frenchman. And look for a moment how the sport has brought into existence a new profession, and one of the most lucrative in the world. The cracks who formerly were content to earn a hundred francs in a week, to-day earn their thousands. They have left the kneading trough and the butcher's block for flats in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, for well-appointed buggies, and even for boxes at fashionable theatres for premières.

I hear that what we have been long sighing for we are at last to get, and that is some first-rate golf links. Mayville claims to have laid down some of the finest in the world, and I will tell you if it is true, as I am going down to try them.

CORBEILLE.

## BETWEEN THE FLAGS.

THIS is the time of year for Military and Hunt Steeplechase meetings, and there have been the usual number of these events during the past week; though, interesting as they are to those connected with them, they are seldom, in these days, of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the general public.

The Hunt Steeplechases at Melton, which were unusually favoured by weather, produced large fields and good sport. Clawson, who took an unsuccessful part in this year's Grand National, went to the post for the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase, but he did not seem to understand the ridge and furrow, and failed to give 31lb. to Gamster.

On the same day another entrant for the big Liverpool chase, although he did not run, Mr. M. D. Rucker's Chance It, was seen out in the Sports' Club Heavy-weight Challenge Cup, at Lingfield, which he very naturally won in a canter in the hands of Major Hardinge.

A feature of the first day of the Household Brigade Meeting, at Hawthorn Hill, was the series of successes scored by Mr. Murray Threipland, who won the Open Military Steeplechase with Traynor, after the favourite, Captain H. L. Powell's Mondaine, had fallen with Mr. Lawson at the open ditch; the Household Brigade Cup, with the useful Frontier, the favourite Cathal refusing either to gallop or jump; and the Grenadier Guards' Cup with Chatto.

Captain Ricardo's Philosopher gave his owner a winning ride in the Horse Guards' Handicap, and Mr. Lawson won a couple of races on Robilla, and the good-looking hunter-like Result. On the second day this horse carried 13st. 6lb. to victory for the Household Brigade Welter Steeplechase, and the Household Brigade Handicap went to Lord Lovat's Romeo, a good-looking brown gelding by Boulevard, both Dalkeith and Hotham being in the beaten lot.

At Derby, the Abbott's Hill Handicap Hurdle Race brought out eleven runners, and was an interesting affair. Mr. W. Marshall's Doge was made favourite, but he ran badly, and Sir Blundell Maple's Chekoa won easily by two lengths from Alexina, with Sicily Queen third.

At the old-fashioned Eglinton Hunt Meeting, the Scottish Grand National, which was contested by a field of ten, was won by Modest Friar. Ardcan started favourite, but did not seem to relish his task, and finished a bad third to the winner and Newpark. On the second day the West of Scotland Steeplechase went to Athelfrith by Atheling, and as Red Cross, Kale, and Little Joe were among those who finished behind him, there was probably some merit in the performance.

There have been an immense number of point-to-point meetings during the last week, but they are purely of local interest, and hardly come under the title at the head of these notes, seeing that the use of flags is forbidden for them by the N.H. Rules. At the same time they are every year becoming more and more popular, and I think it is only necessary to give them a separate code of rules of their own, and adapt them a little more to the convenience of the public, to secure their taking a very important part in the season's sport.

Monday and Tuesday next will witness the decision of the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase of 2,000 sovs., and the Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race of 1,000 sovs., the two last important events of the present season between the flags. For the first of these it is not likely that Manifesto will go to the post with 12st. 7lb., and his stable-companion, Gentle Ida, with 11st. 12lb., may do duty instead of him, unless her owner should keep her for the big Paris chase. I do not think the distance is far enough for Ford of Fyne (10st. 12lb.), and Gentle Ida seems to hold him safe. Prince Albert (10st. 10lb.) was not wound up at Liverpool, and may be fitter now. He was second best, too, as they jumped the last fence at Aintree, and as the winner was only giving him 9lb. on that occasion, Mr. Dyas's beautiful mare may have her work cut out to allow him 16lb. now. I doubt if there would have been much between Timon and Manifesto at Liverpool had not the former blundered two fences from home; but as Gentle Ida has only 9lb. more to carry here than the winner had on that occasion, whereas Timon has gone up 11lb., she will probably beat him if she runs. I have such a respect for Knight of Rhodes that I think he is sure to run well even with 12st. 4lb., and Rory O'More would not be badly handicapped, with 11st. 10lb., if he could get the distance, but of all those I have mentioned I like best Prince Albert.

For the Jubilee Hurdle Race Instep is top weight with 12st. 9lb., and will run well, too, though he may not be able to give the weight to Montauk or Fossicker, who have 12st. 11lb. each, and of whom I have a very great respect for the former.

UBIQUE.



## MR. QUARE'S HARRIERS.

THE accompanying illustrations are of an Essex pack of harriers belonging to Mr. Ernest Quare, which were taken on the occasion of a meet at Beech Hill Park, the residence of Mr. A. J. Edwards.

Unfortunately the day was a very bad one for the purposes of photography, and of some eight or ten plates used in the bad light and incessant rain, only the two pictures here given were reproduceable.

Mr. Quare's harriers were originally the property of the late Mr. E. E. Barclay, and were purchased by Mr. Quare on Mr. Barclay taking the Mastership of the Puckeridge fox-hounds. They are a very smart, well-bred, level lot of hounds, many of them prize-winners at the Peterborough Harrier Show.

The kennels are at Matching Green, near Harlow. Mr. Quare hunts on the average five days a week over the same country as the Essex foxhounds. He has had capital sport this season; as, indeed, has been the general experience with harrier packs throughout the country. The weather being so unpropitious accounts for the small size of the field on the day that our illustrations were taken; but, as a matter of fact, congested fields are very much the exception with this pack.

Mr. Quare is a very practical Master of harriers, and while he takes care to see that a certain number of kills give his hounds blood, has avoided the error into which so many who lack the patience necessary to make a good huntsman are apt to fall—to wit increasing the standard height of his hounds. His harriers do not run much over 16½ inches taken all round, which



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

OFF TO DRAW.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

is small as harriers go, but all that is wanted for a good hare-hunting pack.

Our first illustration, OFF TO DRAW, is very typical of the damp early spring day on which it was taken, and is most happily characteristic of the whip and hounds; the latter evidently reading, in the full view of the long, hanging thong, the warning to keep to heel and behave themselves as they go down the drive.

CROSSING THE PARK shows the full strength of the field, preceded by an enthusiastic master of another pack of harriers, on Shanks's mare to-day, but none the less keenly interested in the business on hand.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING BEECH HILL PARK.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

## THE ROYAL BUCKHOUNDS: POINT-TO-POINT.

THE point-to-point steeplechasing season is just now at its height. Here, there, and everywhere various hunts are holding unrecognised meetings at which the steeplechasing closely resembles the good old cross-country sport of a bygone day. Unrecognised meetings, however, though these point-to-point affairs are, they are especially exempted from the ban of other unrecognised meetings; and the fact that a horse has run and won, or run and lost, at a point-to-point meeting, is no bar to his afterwards, if good enough, achieving victory between the flags.

It was a glorious day, the foreshadowing of a lovely English spring, the very picture of a health-giving day in Old England, when the Queen's Point-to-Point Race was held in the vicinity of Hawthorn Hill, near Maidenhead. It mattered not that one side of the face was tanned by the sun and the other scarred with the wind. Nobody out of a carriage or not on horseback seemed to mind wading ankle-deep in a kind of water meadow, or that the wheels of the traps once off the road sank into a boggy morass, even on a hill-top, owing to the recent storms and tempests. No one could possibly be out of temper on such a heavenly morning. All round the hedges were budding. The gorse was brightening up the endless acres of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

BEFORE RACING.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

## THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

IN LINE FOR THE START.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

red-brown earth upturned by the plough. Windsor Forest was carpeted with primroses; the cottage gardens gave a sight of the first pink almond bloom of the new year of flowers. Daffodils and Lent lilies starred the garden grounds, and all the carriage drives of the great houses passed were made into avenues and circles of mauve and yellow crocuses. But it was the sun that brought out the colour; it was the sun that gave exhilaration, and nobody cares very much for the most aggressive wind when the sun is shining and the sky is clear and blue. Hawthorn Hill is on the borders of Windsor Forest, in that lovely Bracknell and Winkfield district, as well-kept and

as smart as any nobleman's garden in England—a district as select, as quiet, and as un-Cockneyfied as it was forty odd years ago. Country houses, old-fashioned inns with signboards, romantic cottages, pretty villages abound in the "sleepy hollow" that lies in a ring fence between Windsor, Maidenhead, and Ascot. The whole of this enchanting district is eloquent in sport and manly exercises. The river is but a stone's throw away, the river which will in a very few weeks' time echo to the pulse of the racing eight and the lazy thud of the travelling gig making upstream for Pangbourne, Streatley, or Oxford.

"As," writes an eye-witness of the sport, "I stood



yesterday morning on Hawthorn Hill, surrounded by the Nimrods and horsewomen of to-day; as I saw, driving merrily along the Berkshire roads and lanes, the honest farmers and their families, delighted with their outing; as I was once more, after such a lapse of time, in the centre of the patrons of the Queen's Hunt—the 'London Division,' as they used to be called—amidst Guardsmen and Windsor sportsmen, and dwellers in country houses, and yeomen of every class and degree, I could not help thinking that times had not changed very much since the famous Queen's meets at Salt Hill and Maidenhead Thicket, since the days when good old Charles Davis wore the scarlet and gold and trotted along at the head of the pack from Ascot to the various surrounding meets. But in those days, as now, the Windsor and Ascot district was highly favoured in the estimation of all hunting men. Besides the Queen's Staghounds, there were Mr. Garth's Foxhounds constantly meeting at or near Maidenhead Thicket; and we had then also the Prince of Wales's Harriers, always to be found on one day of the week round and about Dorney Common and Eton. And then it was in this very district that the officers of the Brigade of Guards had their first 'drag hunts' over old Briginshaw's Farm, on the Taplow side of



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE FIRST FENCE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE LAST FENCE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



THE CLERK OF THE SCALES.

the river, in the days of the Lunnons and Wethereds, of Marlow; in the days of Bowen May, who never missed hunting with the Queen's; and at the time when Henry Langton, of Maidenhead, a dare-devil rider, was always to the front on his famous black Arab.

"Fashions have changed but very little since those times. The ladies wear their habits shorter than they did in the old days, and the men their coats longer, but apart from that there was very little difference between the company at the Point-to-Point and at a Hunt Steeplechase Meeting of the old sort.



THE WINNER OF THE LIGHT-WEIGHTS.

## THE HEAVY-WEIGHTS.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

CALLING THE NUMBERS.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"

The same good-fellow-ship prevailed as is ever the case with these purely social and country-side meetings. As on the cricket-field so on the hunting-field, all meet on a common level. In the marshy field, where they started and won, just as much consideration was given to the gig and to the tax cart as to the waggonette or landau, and Lord George Pratt, with his cheery manner and stentorian voice, had no difficulty in clearing the course. All present were sportsmen, and they did not need much instruction from the officials, including amongst them such well-known hunting men as Sir R. Wilmot, Bart., the starter; the Earl of Coventry, Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds, the judge; and Mr. A. W. Benyon, the most courteous and obliging of honorary secretaries. The course selected was close to Redstone Farm on the main road to Holyport and Bray, and within an easy distance of the well-known Hawthorn Hill Steeplechase Course. The farmers, with their usual good nature, had placed their lands, hedges, and ditches at the disposal of the members of the Queen's Hunt, and, although the stipulation was that only those engaged in the races were to ride over the fences, it happened that when once a race was well started the ruling passion was too strong to be resisted, and away they went helter-skelter across country to catch up the competitors at favourite corners. As an excuse for this it must be remembered that, although the sun was hot the wind was bitterly cold, and it requires a good deal of persuasion to induce a well-bred hunter to keep quiet when a field of some six and twenty starts for a cross-country steeplechase.

"Three races were decided during the bright spring morning. The first was for light-weights of 12st., which fell to Mr. Ernest Lascelles's Sailor, Mr. Cox's Bantam and Mr. Shackle's Brooksby obtaining second and third places. The second race was for the heavy-weights of 14st., and at the very first hedge several of the field of eighteen came to grief. It was desperately heavy going, and the race was ultimately won by Mr. Curnick's Sir John, the second place falling to Mr. Shackle's The Monk.

It looked like a splendid race at the finish, but Mr. Curnick's most serious opponent fell at the last hedge, KNOCKED OUT, and he came in a comparatively easy winner. The third race was the Farmers' Cup, for 13st. riders. It was in every respect high holiday at Hawthorn Hill, for after the three point-to-point races were over there was a meet of the Queen's Hounds on a favourite spot on the hill. The sun was shining brilliantly when the Queen's huntsmen and the whips resplendent in the Royal livery of the Buckhounds came up. The picture of the Queen's Hounds trotting to the meet on this glorious spring morning would have enchanted the elder Herring. They were turning a corner by a sign-post, close by Winkfield Village, which has suddenly become a rendezvous of dramatic and musical artists, who find the advantage of a midnight train, and enjoy to the full the delight of a peaceful day in the country close to dreamy and delicious pine-scented woods, and amidst a rest and quiet seldom found elsewhere within twenty-five miles of Hyde Park Corner.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

GO!

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"





Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE START FOR THE FARMERS' PLATE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

KNOCKED OUT.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

## HOCKEY.



Photo. by F. G. Callcott.

A LONG REACH.

Copyright.

THE game of Hockey, as played by clubs of recognised standing, is of comparatively recent origin, although it has long been engaged in as a sport in the country districts, principally amongst schoolboys. In Ireland under the name of Hurley, and in Scotland under the name of Shinty, it dates back to prehistoric times. One important match in Ireland is on record as having been played at the beginning of the present century, before the Lord Lieutenant and the beauty and fashion of the Irish capital, between the men of Munster and the men of Leinster. The game—a very closely-contested one—was finally decided in favour of his side by one energetic player driving the ball through the windows of the vice-regal carriage, thus putting it out of the reach of his opponents. Similar incidents may occasionally occur accidentally in the present day, but it would scarcely add to the pleasure, though it might to the excitement, of the game for the

spectators if it were known that in any emergency the object would be to put the ball out of play by a scrimmage in the densest part of the crowd. An old book on the subject states that the sticks used were generally cut from hawthorn hedges, the hook being formed from the root, and the ball was a cask-bung, though why this should have been considered preferable to an ordinary ball is not very obvious.

A Hockey Association was established in 1875-6, but from want of support died out, and it was not until ten years later that the present association was formed, and a code of rules drawn up, which, with the exception of a few alterations made in 1890 and 1894, are those in force at the present day.

The chief centres of the game are Lancashire and Cheshire in the north, and the home counties—Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent—in the south, though it is also played in the Midlands and the West of England.

Hockey being still in its infancy, as we may say, no cup competitions, such as are common in the football world, have yet been arranged. The principal attractions of the season are the North v. South, Oxford v. Cambridge, the inter-county matches, and, last but not least, the international matches—England v. Ireland, and Wales v. Ireland.

The North v. South game dates from the season of 1889-90, since when it has been held annually, the South being victorious on each occasion but one, when the result was a draw. The last match was held on March 6th at Manchester, and resulted in a win for the South by 1 goal to nil.

The international matches were started only two years ago, when Ireland met and defeated Wales, and later suffered defeat at the hands of England. This position has been maintained

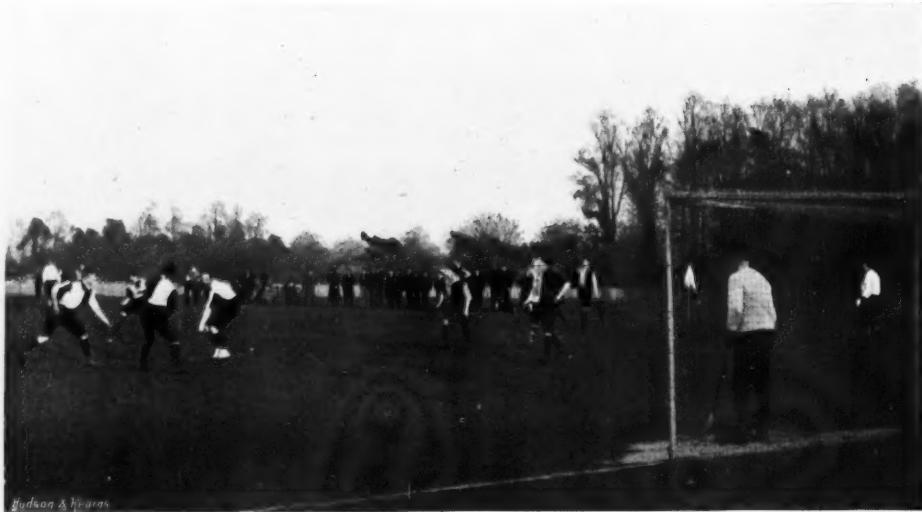


Photo. by F. G. Callcott.

#### INTERCEPTING A PASS.

Copyright.

both in the 1895-6 and in the present seasons, Ireland defeating Wales by 5 goals to nil on February 27th last, and on March 13th being defeated by England by 8 goals to 3.

The Irish team started well, scoring the first and second goals, whereas on previous occasions they had been unable to notch a point. But before the end of the first half they seemed to have become disorganised, and during the second half the Englishmen simply had the game all their own way, scoring their last four goals within the space of a very few minutes.

Hockey is one of the few sports that ladies have taken up in earnest, for those ladies who play hockey do not give us such an exhibition or travesty of the game as was afforded by the Ladies' Football Club last year; but, although their play is not as yet equal to that of the men's clubs, they show a due regard for rules, and do not make their own to suit themselves as they go on. One of these matches, an interesting contest between the Ladies of Ireland and the Ladies of England, took place at Blackheath on March 1st.

Before dismissing the subject of hockey, it may be as well to mention a variation known as Bandy, or hockey on the ice. From the nature of its requirements the game cannot frequently be played in this country, and no generally acknowledged organisation or set code of rules appears to have been drawn up, but when suitable climatic conditions prevail it is often indulged in both in the neighbourhood of London and elsewhere.

F. G. CALLCOTT.



Photo. by F. G. Callcott.

#### STICKS!

Copyright

## COUNTRY HOMES: IGHTHAM MOTE.

IF you walk some four miles out from the pleasant old town of Sevenoaks, through the historic park of Knole, by trees, copses and meadows, along an elevated ridge, with a prospect over orchards and hop-gardens, you find yourself presently looking down into a dell or hollow, where a grey embattled tower rises, and blue smoke curls up from many picturesque chimneys. The tower and chimneys are those of Ightham Mote—or, emphatically, the Mote, as the Kentish men call it—the quaintest old house imaginable. England has grander places, places where the clang of the mailed heel would seem to have rung louder, statelier places where satin-coated gentlemen and powdered dames might have been more at home, perhaps; but the country possesses few houses quite comparable to Ightham Mote. This is a house that stands midway between the baronial castle and the abode of the simple squire. There were many such, it is true, in former troublous times, when few men of note worth pillaging or molesting could feel comfortable unless they could wing good cloth-yard shafts from their gate-towers, or parley with the enemy across the moat. They were places fitted to withstand the instant raid, and not the regular siege. There is a considerable resemblance between the western front of the Mote, with its tower and flanking buildings, and those which remain at Baddesley Clinton, in Warwickshire; and the general resemblance of the place to Hever Castle, near Penshurst, is considerable. But quaint old Ightham Mote is unrivalled in its

varied dates and styles, the rarely picturesque character of the buildings surrounding its courtyard, and the glow and colour of its old stonework, its weather-worn timbers, and its tiled roofs. The place is, in short, one of the most perfect examples in all England of an ancient house where domestic convenience is combined with preparations for a considerable measure of defence.

So long ago as the days of Henry II. there was a place of strength here, but the oldest parts of the existing house at Ightham go back to the time of Edward II. or, perhaps, a little earlier, while much of the place was rebuilt in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and a good deal of quaint timberwork was added in the times of Elizabeth and James. In early Plantagenet days the place was in the hands of the Fitz-Hauts, and it was a descendant of the house, one Richard Haut, who forfeited his heritage and lost his head at Pontefract for joining Buckingham in favour of Richmond. The Mote was granted thereupon to Robert Brackenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, but Brackenbury fell on Bosworth Field, and, when Richmond reached the throne, the pendulum swung again, and Edward Haut, son of the squire dispossessed, was installed in the place of his ancestors. Then it was that the tower was raised, and the west front rebuilt. Subsequently the place went through heiresses to the Clements, the Pakenhams, and the Alleyns, and came, in the reign of James I., to Sir William Selby, of Branxton in Northumberland, a veteran of the Low





LADY MOSTYN AND HER CHILDREN.

Toa, Grosvenor Street, W.

Photo by J. Thomson.

Countries, whose descendants have continued for generation after generation at the Mote. There may still be seen in Ightham Church the monument of Dame Dorothy Selby, who died in 1641, of whom her wondrous epitaph avers that she frustrated Guy Fawkes. Her "curious needle"

"turned the abused stage  
Of this lewd world into the golden age,"

whilst her wit, it would seem, enabled her to read a veiled letter to Lord Monteaule for the undoing of deluded Guy. As if to convert the sceptic, there is an extraordinary carving behind the dame's head, showing the Pope in conclave with cardinals, monks, and the devil, instructing Fawkes, while ships are traversing the sea towards England, and the Houses of Parliament are in the distance, with the very vaulted cellar, the faggots and the kegs of powder, and the arch-plotter, presented afresh, advancing with a lanthorn in his hand.

From such odd conceits and unveracious histories let us turn to the interests of that charming abode, the Mote. Here, it should be observed that a gentle rivulet, flowing down the wooded ravine, supplies the water which surrounds the moated grange. The draw-bridge has been replaced by a bridge of substance, which brings the visitor to the embattled and turreted gate-tower on the western side, which has mullioned windows over its low arch, and a deeply panelled, nail-studded, and hospitable door below. The archway leads through into the courtyard, where the great window of the hall, and the quaintest of timber gables, with richly carved barge-boards, and oriel windows, look down upon the sunny space within. It is a scene truly delightful to behold, for the charm of old domestic architecture in its varied prime, and the graces of foliage and blossom fondly clinging to the ancient walls, and adding brighter colour to their mellow tones, are there appealing most powerfully to the picturesque sense. The hall itself is a notable feature of the house, and is some 30ft. in length by 20ft. in breadth, with a louvre in the roof, through which smoke once ascended; and there is a large window of many lights, with moulded mullions and cusped heads, with a stone arch carrying the roof, and much good carving in the structural woodwork. The large window and fireplace, as well as the handsome timber gables, with their sculptured adornments, on this side of the court belong to Tudor times. Near the hall is a great arched cellar, with a window looking over the moat, and above, a curious chamber which may have been a chapel in the earliest days of the Mote.

But the actual chapel of the house is near the entrance gate, and is a remarkably perfect remain of the time of Henry VII., with a cradle roof, painted in compartments with Tudor badges. This quaint place is reached by an oaken staircase, and its screen, divided into trefoil-headed compartments, its carved



*Photo. by Tensfold,*

*THE CHAPEL; IGHTHAM MOTE.*

*Ashford.*

pulpits, and stall desks, richly panelled and adorned, and the figure of St. George looking down from the window, carry back the mind to a long-past day. Here, too, there is, or recently was, to be seen the carcass of an old and silent organ of those Tudor times. Coming to the quadrangle again, a pointed arch leads to a corridor by which the private rooms of the house are reached. These are low ceiled and substantial, with the appearance and character of old-fashioned comfort, their deeply-splayed windows looking, one way or the other, out over the shining waters of the moat to the green country beyond, or within to the picturesque courtyard enclosed.

It is said that the old dwellers in the Mote stabled 300 horses in the buildings which face the entrance tower across the bridge. These stables and outbuildings form another quadrangle, built entirely of timber in Elizabethan times, and wonderfully picturesque in these. On whichever side we approach the Mote, indeed, it delights the eye by its old-world character, romantic form, and lovely colour. There is endless diversion here for the sketcher. The back of the house, on the eastern side, for example, is a wonder of mixed styles and glowing hues, timber walls, stone gables, bold chimneys, and quaint roofs, with dark cedars and yews overhanging the moat. The garden, too, is a quaint world in itself, delightful to explore.

JOHN LEYLAND.



*Photo. by Tensfold,*

*IGHTHAM MOTE; THE EAST FRONT.*

*Ashford.*



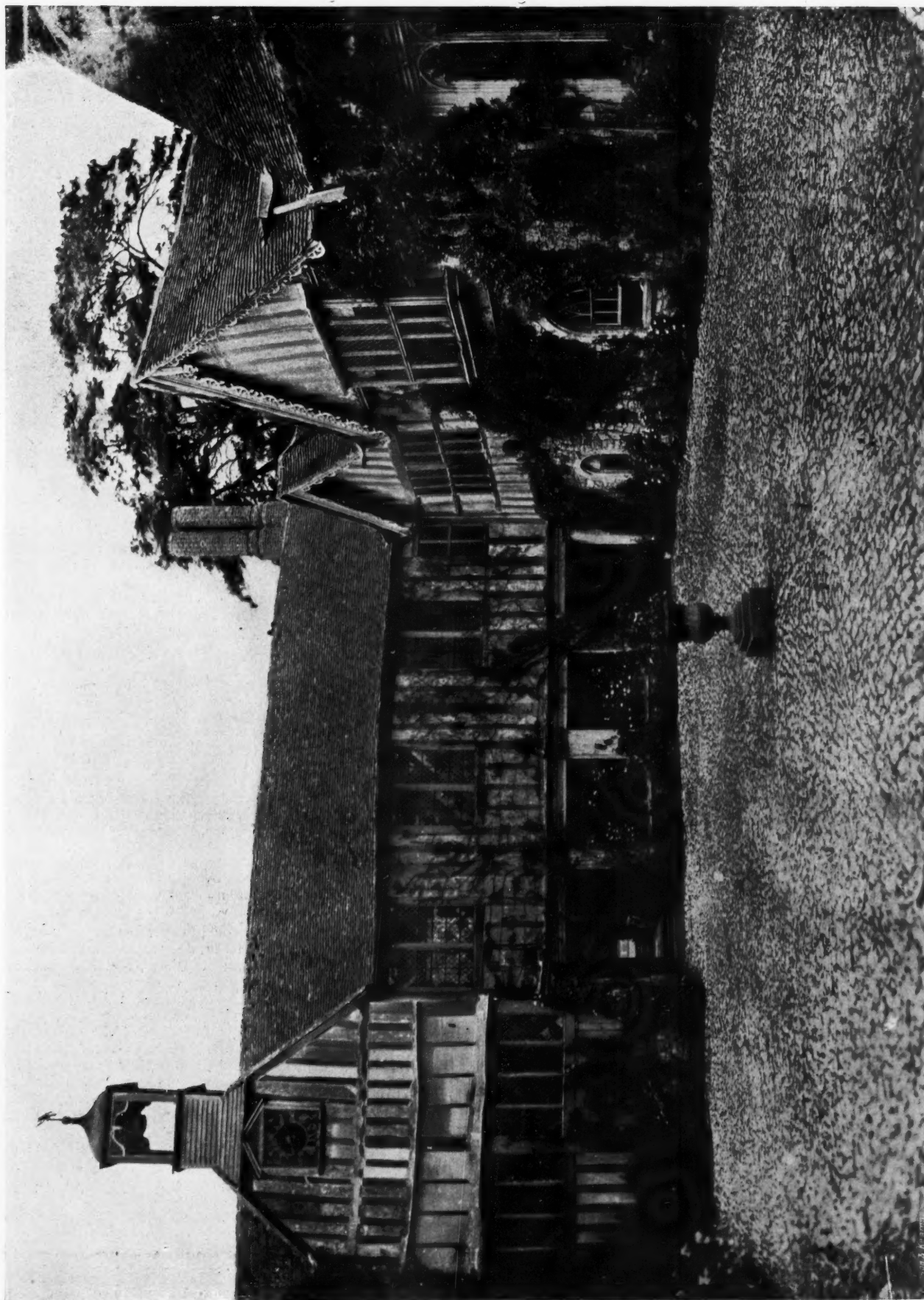


Photo. by Penfold,

COUNTRY HOMES: IGHTHAM MOTE; THE COURTYARD.

Ashford.

## DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS.

THE bulldog CHARLEY'S AUNT has a popularity in the bulldog world only second, perhaps, to that of the play, to the public appreciation of which she doubtless owes her name. A great many exhibitors of dogs follow in their nomenclature the theatrical successes of the hour, artists, or plays. This is created, perhaps, by a desire to enforce attention to their dog, if not from its quality, by a touch of the kindred spirit which recognises the name of some happy moment he or she may have passed, and which at once attracts them to its namesake. This may or may not be so, but this is certain, that the brindled bulldog owning the name of Charley's Aunt, a name which has almost become a synonym for jollity, never fails to draw a public to look at her, a public who take no interest in her bulldog features, from the club's point of view, but who recognise at once some quality beyond their ken, and though attracted in the first instance by curiosity to look at the owner of the familiar name, remain in admiration of the dog. Even the bulldog ferocity of expression, which masks her genuine amiability, moves them to a hearty laugh as they pass on their way. No greater compliment was ever paid by a public to a bulldog than in the words, "Isn't she a



Photo. by Tugh.

BRIAN II.

Copyright.



CHARLEY'S AUNT.

hugly beast, Jim?" That in a bulldog which seems ugly to the unenlightened is but the perfection of its development.

Charley's Aunt was bred by Mrs. Berger, a member of the Bulldog Club, and was born in April, 1894. Her *début* was made in the following year at the Aquarium, where she obtained first and other prizes, and much attention from the cognoscenti of the breed. This was followed up at the Ladies' Show at Ranelagh, and so at every succeeding show. Mr. Tod, one of the Scottish judges of the breed, considered this daughter of Battle Axe quite irresistible, and during 1896 he persuaded Mrs. Berger to sell her to him, since when Charley's Aunt has won first Edinburgh and other prizes in the North, and her home has been among the Scottish heather. All her admirers were pleased to renew acquaintance with her at Cruft's exhibition this year, where, looking as well as ever, she won first and two specials for best bitch of her breed and size in the show. Charley's Aunt belongs to the heavy-weight class of 45lb. and over, and her dam was Nota Bena II. A description of her points is unnecessary, as they may be seen in the photograph, which is an excellent one.

In the Sandringham Kennels last month died another aged favourite, a Sussex spaniel, by the name of BOOSEY, whose colouring (lavender-grey) resembled that of the Korthal Griffon, and its jet black ears gave a very pleasing contrast to the faithful, intelligent face. Boosey had led quite a sporting life, for she invariably accompanied her royal master in the field, and proved a rattling good worker. Boosey was a great favourite of both the Prince and the Princess of Wales, and had reached the respectable age of fifteen years.

Airedale Terriers had a great boom by the formation of the South of England Club, and their present popularity was shown by the recent grand display of the breed at Manchester. More specimens of this Yorkshire creation have recently changed hands than has been known in the history of the breed; whilst it is equally notorious that bigger prices for dogs of doubtful merit were never paid. This was, however, not the case in the transfer of an unnamed puppy, bought at Reading for £3, to the kennel of a London breeder, at a profit of over £50. The only wonder is that the breeder of this really good terrier was so very foolish as to enter the dog in a selling class. A keen-eyed fancier secured the treasure, and at once negotiated for his sale at the price named.

## THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE SPORTS.

THE Oxford and Cambridge Sports have an unenviable reputation for bringing unfavourable weather. On the morning of April 2nd there was rain, in which the keener observers also noticed odd flakes of snow.

But the early prospect was deceptive. The afternoon was bright, and, if the weather was too cold for record performances, it did not appear to have acted unfavourably on the number of spectators. The presence of royalty was doubtless an extra

attraction, but for the last two or three years the attendance has been steadily increasing—a further proof of the advancing popularity of athletics among all classes. Immense trouble had been taken with the path, but it has not yet recovered from the initial mistake of laying down too fine cinders. For a summer path, no doubt, the finer the material the better; but, as shown by the Oxford track, a coarser stuff is necessary for draining off winter rains.



By the time that the Three Mile was run the path was well pitted all over, and must have acted detrimentally on the times. As a rule, at an athletic meeting, the greater part of the crowd are prevented from taking much interest in any events except the flat races by the impossibility of knowing either what distance is being covered or which competitor is achieving success. But this year their disadvantages in this respect were considerably lessened by the employment of a curious machine, variously described as a megaphone, an extinguisher, and a speaking-trumpet. It is an instrument for increasing the volume of the human voice, and by means of it the whole crowd were distinctly informed of the exact progress of each event. It aroused great curiosity and gave, on the whole, much satisfaction.

The first event, the One Hundred Yards, was timed to begin at 2.30 p.m., but there was a slight postponement owing to the non-arrival of the Duke of York. As it was, it was a pity that the authorities did not wait a minute or two longer still, as the band gave notice of his appearance just as the race had finished. A more exciting sprint has seldom been run. Jordan was the first to get into the running, and appeared to be well ahead after fifty yards. But Thomas was coming up fast, and it looked as if the race lay between the two Oxford representatives. However, in the last fifteen yards, Carter, the Cambridge second string, came up with a rush and caught the leaders on the post. There has seldom been a more difficult case for decision. One judge gave the victory to Carter, the other to Thomas, while a large number of the adjacent spectators gave the victory to Jordan. The official verdict was, a dead heat between Thomas and Carter, with Jordan six inches behind. It was a great race, and, considering the state of the path, a good performance for three men to finish so close together in 10 1-5sec. Carter was a dark horse, except to "old Watts." He ran extremely well, both in the sprint and the Quarter-Mile, and may be expected to win the double event next year. It is not often that the record of previous performances prognosticates



Photo. by Stearn

THE HUNDRED.

Cambridge.



Photo. by Stearn,

THE HURDLES.

Cambridge.

so truly the result at Queen's Club; for the divided success of Carter proved to be the only surprise of the meeting.

The next race was the Hurdles, and in order that every part of the crowd might have the benefit of at least one finish, was run on the side of the ground most remote from the pavilion. As anticipated, Garnier showed the power of heredity and example by repeating to a fifth of a second his father's successes in 1871 and 1872. He led almost from the start, and, though he hit the eighth hurdle hard, seemed to lose little ground, and eventually finished about three yards in front of Maundrell in 16 3-5sec. He took his hurdles beautifully, and was palpably

much lower than any of his opponents. Parkes, the freshman from Uppingham, hardly did himself justice owing to a mistake early in the race, and finished last.

Some expected a good race in the Mile. Deakin had run well at Oxford, and from his style was expected to improve by several seconds, but he was clearly out of form, and never even challenged the winner. Hildyard, who has acted as the Oxford pace-maker now for four years, ran a great race for the first lap with Davison, who, however, proved the faster. At the beginning of the second lap the race appeared to be anyone's, but soon Howard drew out, closely followed by Danson, of Balliol. Gradually these two left the rest, and for those who were ignorant of the capacities of the two men a close finish seemed in prospect. But

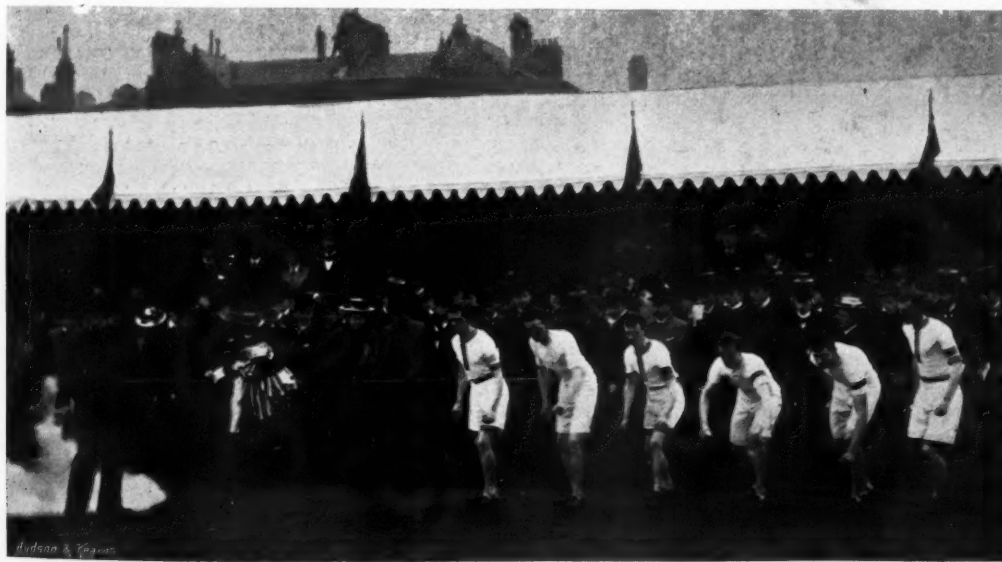


Photo. by Stearn,

THE START FOR THE MILE.

Cambridge.

though Danson ran with extreme pluck he could not answer Howard's spurt in the middle of the last lap, and was beaten by about thirty yards in 4min. 27 2-5sec. Howard ran with great strength and judgment, repeating almost exactly his race against the L.A.C. at Cambridge a month previously. He is probably capable of even a better time, and is yet another instance of athletes who have also won fame in the schools.

Following the practice of the last few years, the Weight and High Jump were competed for simultaneously. The details of neither event are of surpassing interest. Bulloch was successful in the Weight with a put of 37ft. 2ins., which he improved by just a foot in a subsequent attempt. His victory, though expected, was remarkable, as he had been confined to his bed for the two previous days. Dowson was second with a put of 36ft. 1 1/2in. In a competition against the L.A.C. Bulloch had been



Photo. by Stearn,

THE FINISH OF THE MILE.

Cambridge.



Photo. by Stearn,

THE HIGH JUMP; KIRLEW.

Cambridge.

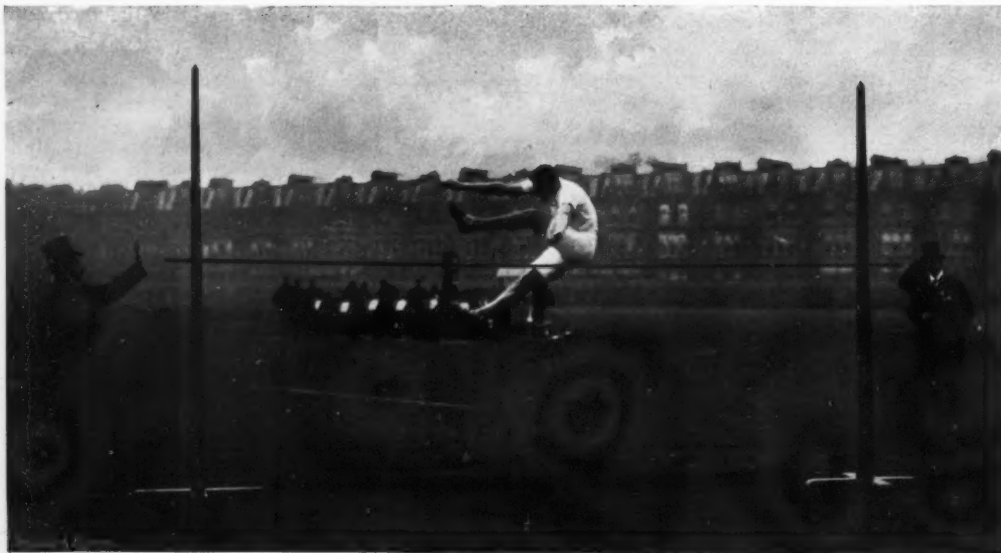


Photo. by Stearn,

CHOLMELEY.

Cambridge.

disqualified for an unfair "action," but he certainly, on this occasion, put as fairly "from the shoulder" as possible. The High Jump was a tie between Cholmeley and Kirlew, who won last year. Neither of them were pretty jumpers, though Cholmeley, who is a beginner, will probably make a name. Oxford were very lucky to have the event, for while Kirlew hit the bar hard at his 1st attempt Cholmeley had more than an inch to spare. He was, however, unable to repeat the jump when the bar was raised to 5ft. 8 1/2in. Some dissatisfaction was expressed with the jumping arrangements. In order to facilitate the preliminary run of the competitors, some of whom jumped from the left, some from the right, two sets of posts were employed. There certainly seems room for possible error in the device, though, as the ground is made, no other plan appears equally simple and feasible.

Next came what was expected to be the race of the day. Jordan had won in 1894, but had been defeated after two splendid races in 1895 and 1896. The start was excellent and very fast; for some forty yards all four ran perfectly level, when Jordan began to forge ahead. As he was running outside, both Badeley and Carter again closed up. Then for a few seconds Carter took the lead, striding out beautifully. But he tired, and Jordan somehow managing to get the inside, rushed past him at the last corner, and running very fast up the straight finished eight yards to the good in 49 4-5sec. FitzHerbert defeated Badeley by a few yards for second place, but was not running with anything of his last year's vigour. He kept his long,



swinging stride to the very end, but had been clearly unable to find leisure for sufficient training. His defeat shows again the futility of inducing men who have gone down to compete for a fourth year. Horan, in 1896, was another instance, and there are several others in the past. The same objection does not hold good in events such as jumping or weight-putting, where a long period of training is not necessary. Montgomery had left Oxford and taken orders when he came up to jump in 1888, but he managed to clear nearly two inches higher than his previous best. So also Robertson, in a L.A.C. competition, threw the hammer about ten feet further in his fifth year than in his fourth. But this is a digression.

The events were now even. There had been two ties, and two victories for each 'Varsity. The Hammer-Throwing and Long Jump, which followed, were again decided simultaneously and, for the benefit of the spectators, at different corners of the ground. Nothing could have well been more pitiable than the attempts of the four strong men. At least half the throws were not allowed to count, and every one of the competitors looked as if he were absolutely at the mercy of the lead he was swinging. The sooner the event be excluded from the programme or totally remodelled the better. The Americans always throw from a small circle, and take only one revolution of the body. They also propel the object, on an average, thirty feet farther than our athletes, and attain a modicum of grace. The victorious giant was Halliday, with a throw of 97ft. 9in., and Crossley, a Trinity Oxford freshman, second, with an effort rather more than a foot shorter. He might well have won, but in three out of his four attempts was dragged by the triumphant implement some feet outside the charmed circle. The judges, though several times in danger, escaped unhurt. The Long Jump was more interesting. After the first round of jumps the megaphone—which its inventor asserts will carry a mile—frightened the Oxford supporters with the news that Faunce de Laune was leading with 21ft. 8in., Vassall, the favourite, having run into the pit. However, at the next effort Vassall put doubts at end by clearing 22ft. 3in., which he afterwards improved to 22ft. 7in. Faunce de Laune and his companion, Bevan, were practically equal second, with 21ft. 8in. The task of the judges was made much more easy by a new discovery of Watts, the Cambridge factotum. "My patent mud," to use his own proud designation, "is a black composition, formed chiefly of Fen mud and sawdust, and has this advantage over the earth which had previously been used, that it does not break away behind the point of impact, but is clean cut by the heel." On this it is possible to measure at least as accurately as within a quarter of an inch. Vassall's jump was identical in length with Batchelor's, of last year, and has only three times been surpassed. It is a curious point in athletic statistics that 22ft. has been excelled seven times in the last eight years, though previously only twice recorded in the history of the Inter-'Varsity sports. The Three Mile excited more than usual interest, both



Photo. by Stearn,

LONG JUMP.

Cambridge.

because the issue of the meeting depended on it, and because Wood and Fremantle ran such a fine race last year. Lowe, of Trinity, Cambridge, proved the most aggressive pace-maker, and led the field for nearly three laps. His place was taken by Carlton, who, however, was little more than five yards ahead of Wood and Fremantle. He gave way just before the completion of the second mile, run in 10min. 14sec., with Wood in front, Fremantle second, and Carlton and Gibberd close behind. The excitement was now intense, and the whole audience seemed to shout as Fremantle passed Wood in the middle of the lap. It seemed to most that he was making his effort too soon. Wood stuck to him for several hundred yards, but found the pace too much for him, and was clearly beaten nearly two laps from home. Fremantle finished very strongly with a spurt, about eighty yards in front of Wood, who was about the same distance in advance of his second string, Gibberd. The official time was 14min. 47sec., but it was proved by a number of unofficial timekeepers that the time was just twenty seconds slower. Mr. Holman had, no doubt, read his watch wrongly in the hurry of the moment, though, as shown by the last figure, he had stopped it correctly. The mistake is easily made, and the authorities are much to blame for not having the regulation three watches. One time-keeper is never enough. By a very slight accident he may fail to start or stop the watch at all, and even if nothing goes wrong he is always liable to officious correction by unauthorised amateurs. Besides, any record that might be accomplished would be invalidated by the lack of authority. The sports were so extremely successful in every other way that such a curious backwardness in this one respect is the more lamentable.

There has seldom been such a representative gathering of past talent as on April 2nd. The greater number of them were guests at the dinner held in the evening. The chair was taken by Alfred Lyttelton, who was supported by three other members of Parliament, representing the whole athletic force of the House of Commons. Sir Richard Webster was, of course, one, but disappointed the world by disappearing before the speeches. Mr. Lees Knowles and Mr. Thornton also seemed to prefer a holiday from speaking. Cross and Lutyens, each the winner of four successive victories in the Mile, were sitting opposite each other at one table, and Fry and Mordaunt, both remarkable as cricketers and long-jumpers, were close by. Jordan ended his successful presidency by making an excellent speech. The evening's entertainment was a fitting wind-up to the day's proceedings. As long as athletes of bygone days continue to show interest in the yearly encounters, so surely will the excellence of the Inter-'Varsity Sports, which are the chief source and support of amateur athletics in England and the world, be maintained in the future.



Photo. by Stearn,

THE THREE MILES.

Cambridge.

## HAMPTON. ON THE RACECOURSE AND AT THE STUD.

NOW that Hampton has been withdrawn from service at Stetchworth, a review of his successes, both on the race-course and at the stud, will, no doubt, be of interest to many. Foaled in 1872, by Lord Clifden out of Lady Langden, Hampton started very low in the Selling Plate Class, and winning a race in 1874 at "Appy Ampton," was purchased by James Nightingall for 150 guineas. The public had to wait till the following year before they saw him accomplish anything in respectable class, which he did by carrying off the Great Welcomes Handicap at Croydon, and the Great Metropolitan at Epsom, in the colours of Mr. F. G. Hobson, and in the same year, with by no means a light weight for a three year old, he showed well to the front in the Cesarewitch, won by the turned loose Duke of Parma. Over hurdles he proved successful in 1876, when he won the Great Maiden Hurdle Race at Sandown Park, value £540, and one who knew him well has said that if his attention had been turned to steeplechasing, he would probably have been enrolled among the winners of the Grand National.

It would take up too much space to go through all his successful appearances, and it will suffice to say that as a four year old he won the Goodwood Stakes, carrying 7st. 10lb., and two years later ran second to Norwich for the same race. In 1877 the Northumberland Plate, Doncaster, and Goodwood Cups fell to his share among

many other races, and in the winter of the same year he was put up to auction at the December sales at Newmarket, when Lord Ellesmere purchased him for the sum of 7,200 guineas. This was a very large price to give in those days, but as the old horse has only just now in 1897 begun to feel the effects of age, it will readily be seen that he was worth many times that sum, and he has proved a veritable gold mine to the owner of Stetchworth. For his new master he won the

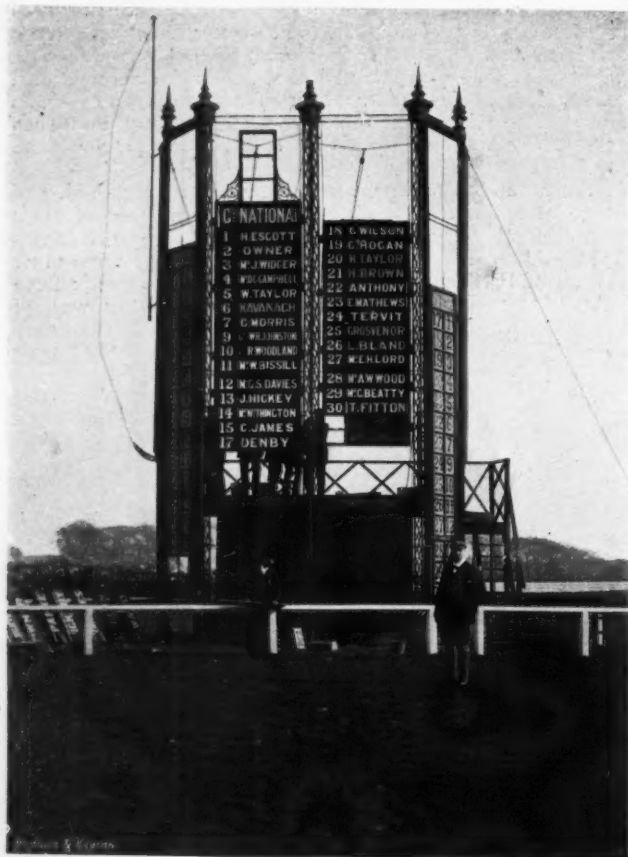


*Photo. by Rouch.*

HAMPTON, BY LORD CLIFDEN—LADY LANGDEN.

Copyright—"C. L."

## SIDELIGHTS AT AINTREE.



THE LIVERPOOL NUMBER BOARD.

Epsom Gold Cup and four Queen's Plates, besides finishing a good fourth in the Cambridgeshire, won by Isonomy with 7st. 11lb., the six year old carrying 9st. 3lb., after which he retired into private life. He was, without doubt, the best long distance runner of his day, and it is very doubtful if there have been many better ones since. Gameness was his chief characteristic, and he was an animal that required but little training. With an extraordinary amount of equine intelligence, he has endeared himself to all who know him at Stetchworth, which has been his home for so many years.

As a sire he started at the modest fee of 30 guineas, but breeders were not able to obtain his services for any long time at that price, as his fee was very shortly raised to 150 guineas, at which amount he has remained to the close of his career. Even this was by no means an exorbitant sum, when compared with what is demanded nowadays for St. Simon, Galopin, Sheen, and the like. In his first season he sired Highland Chief, who, in 1883, was placed second by the judge to St. Blaise in the Derby, contrary to the belief of 99 out of every 100 who saw the finish, who were convinced that the son of Hampton was first, as also of the jockeys who rode the first three horses. Rookery was his first absolute winner, a useful one too, for she won £3,839 for Mr. J. B. Leigh as a two year old. Other winners followed in quick succession, considerably enhancing his value as a stallion. He has sired three Derby winners—Merry Hampton (1887), Ayrshire (1888), and Ladass (1894); one Oaks winner—Rève d'Or (1887), besides Royal Hampton, himself one of the most successful young sires of the day, and whom many judges reckoned as about the best of his year. Some people have a prejudice against chesnut Hamptons, and there may be some grounds for it; but, if as a rule, they can be set down as lacking in the stoutness of their sire, Rève d'Or was a brilliant exception. She stands out as an example of a first-class chesnut Hampton mare, winning, as she did, fifteen races, worth £15,010, for the Duke of Beaufort.

Other useful winners which owe their parentage to Hampton include Balmoral (winner of Manchester Cup), Bushey Park, Butterfly, Dearest, Ladislas, Lord Lorne, Perdita II. (dam of Persimmon and Florizel II.), Phocion (who twice defeated Ravensbury as a three year old), Radius, Sheen (winner of Cesarewitch), Speed, the good but unfortunate Troon, and Zamiel. Altogether Hampton has sired 137 winners, of 433 races, of the value of £222,631 14s. 6d. A fine record truly, and one, moreover, which will probably be considerably added to during the



course of the next two or three years.

Most races worth winning have fallen to Hampton's sons and daughters, and these include the Derby (three times), Oaks, 1,000 Guineas, 2,000 Guineas (twice), the Eclipse Stakes, Cesarewitch, Manchester Cup, Middle Park Plate, Champagne Stakes, Doncaster (three times), Park Hill Stakes, Liverpool Cup, City and Suburban (twice), Newmarket Stakes, Dewhurst Plate (twice), Goodwood Cup, Liverpool Summer Cup, Breeders' Plate, Kempton (£6,177), Royal Stakes, Kempton (£9,500), Ascot Stakes (three times), Alexandra Plate, Ascot, Coronation Stakes, Ascot, and other minor races in profusion. The three races which are conspicuous by their absence from the above list are the St. Leger, Cambridgeshire, and Ascot Gold Cup—which, however, Hampton's grandson, Marston, won in 1893. The St. Leger has always proved a fatal race for him, for Ladas ought undoubtedly to have defeated Throstle; Highland Chief finished third on three legs in 1883; Merry Hampton was beaten half a length by Kilwarlin; and Butterfly was a fair and, some think, an unlucky third to Sir Visto. Last year the two first in the Leger owed their parentage, more or less, to Hampton, for the dam of the winner was a Hampton mare, and the sire of the second horse was a son of Lord Ellesmere's stallion.

As a sire of sires, Hampton also stands out prominently with Royal Hampton, Highland Chief, Ayrshire, and Sheen.

The value of Hampton mares is enormous, for in last year's racing season the produce of his mares won thirty-seven races, value £27,480, proving an easy first in the list, with Bend d'Or mares second. Comparisons are odious, but grand old Hampton's career bears looking into as even with St. Simon's; for, although the produce of the latter magnificent stallion have lately come to the front with a blaze of triumph, he has at present only given us one Derby winner to Hampton's three. Truly the old son of Lord Clifden and Lady Langden has had a great and noble career.

## WORKED QUARTER SHEETS.

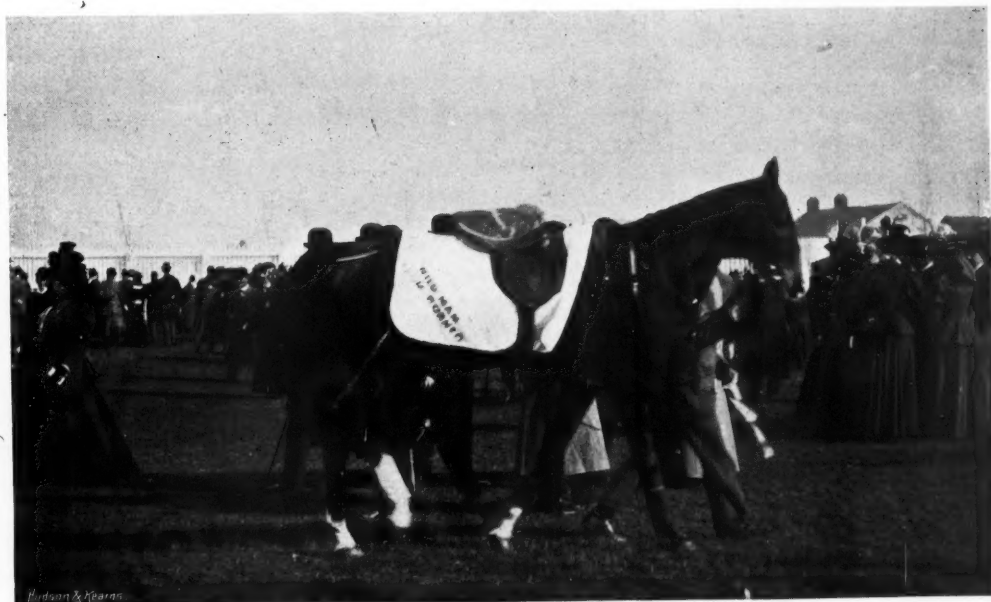


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

A PREVIOUS WINNER.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE"



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE SECOND FAVOURITE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

Year.	Owner.	Race.	Where Held.	Value.
1878	Lord Ellesmere	Her Majesty's Plate	Lichfield	£210
"	"	Her Majesty's Plate	Newmarket	315
Total—20 races, worth £7,735.				

### HAMPTON'S SUCCESSES ON THE TURF.

Year.	Owner.	Race.	Where Held.	Value.
1874	Mr. Ireland	Maiden Plate	Oxford	£50
"	"	South Western Stakes	Hampton	110
"	Mr. Jas. Nightingall	T.Y.O. Stakes	Brighton	180
1875	"	Great Welcomes Handicap	Croydon	305
"	"	Great Metropolitan	Epsom	860
1876	Mr. F. G. Hobson	Goodwood Stakes	—	735
"	"	Great Maiden Hurdle Race	Sandown	540
1877	"	Northumberland Plate	Newcastle	1190
"	"	Goodwood Cup	—	440
"	"	Doncaster Cup	—	300
"	"	Kelso Gold Cup	Kelso	340
"	"	Her Majesty's Plate	Edinburgh	100
"	"	Her Majesty's Plate	Edinburgh	100
"	"	Caledonian Centenary Cup	Edinburgh	310
"	"	Her Majesty's Plate	Newmarket	300
1878	Lord Ellesmere	Her Majesty's Plate	Northampton	210
"	"	Epsom Gold Cup	—	930
"	"	Her Majesty's Plate	York	210

### PROGENY OF HAMPTON.

Year.	Winning Horses.	No. of Races.	Value.
			£ s. d.
1882	5	15	7,406 4 0
1883	10	20	9,431 10 0
1884	19	33	9,588 5 0
1885	17	33	8,576 8 0
1886	25	43	14,794 5 0
1887	28	65	32,296 10 0
1888	18	32	20,476 14 0
1889	15	27	35,995 9 6
1890	11	16	7,265 14 0
1891	11	20	8,242 5 0
1892	15	24	9,043 10 0
1893	24	41	19,966 10 0
1894	16	22	21,103 0 0
1895	12	22	11,480 0 0
1896	13	20	6,965 10 0

Total—137 winners, of 433 races, worth £222,631 14s. 6d.  
N.B.—In dead heats the stakes have been divided.

## AUSTRALIAN IMPORTATIONS.

THE result of the Grand National conclusively proved that Australian steeplechasers are no match for English and Irish cross-country horses over the Liverpool course. Probably not more than two at the most—if that—of the home-country horses that ran in the Grand National this year could jump the obstacles on the Flemington Grand National Course, and those would, in all probability, be a couple who did not finish in the first three at Aintree. The two styles of country are so utterly different that it is difficult, to the verge of impossibility, to compare the relative merits of horses like Daimio and Manifesto. Daimio will be no use for steeplechasing in England until he has altogether changed the style which served him in such good stead in his steeplechases at the Antipodes. Over English countries he is painfully slow, dwells at his fences, and beats himself jumping. Yet, judged by the time test—taken in a country where they know how to take it accurately, and where it proves a very reliable guide—he is judged to be one of the very fastest steeplechasers that ever galloped a country in Australasia.

Norton could not win steeplechases at all until he was schooled into adopting the English-bred horse's style of negotiating a country. His faults—faults, that is, as regards adaptability to English courses—were even more pronounced than Daimio's, and it took a lot of very careful schooling to enable him to bring into play those fine qualities of stamina and gameness with which he is beyond question endowed. He has won races in his class, since being educated to show his ability in English style, but whether by this very schooling he has or has not lost much of that superiority to his compatriot steeplechasers which he once possessed is a point that must ever remain hypothetical, since without an immediate test of his abilities under original conditions a satisfactory answer to the question is impossible. Equally, too, in fact, more, does the same remark apply to Daimio, for his home superiority over Australasian horses was even more pronounced than Norton's.

That, under certain conditions of climate and course, they are both good horses, has been conclusively proved in the past, but whether they are as good now as they were earlier in life, and, as a corollary, our steeplechasers undoubtedly better than Antipodean cross-country horses, or whether the change in surrounding conditions has made them lose their high-class form, is an unanswerable question. Our illustrations of the two importations were taken on a pouring wet morning, on Lewes Downs, about a week before the Grand National.



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. NORTON AND KINGSCLERE.

Copyright—"C.L."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch. DAIMIO AND PARAPLUIE.

Copyright—"C.L."

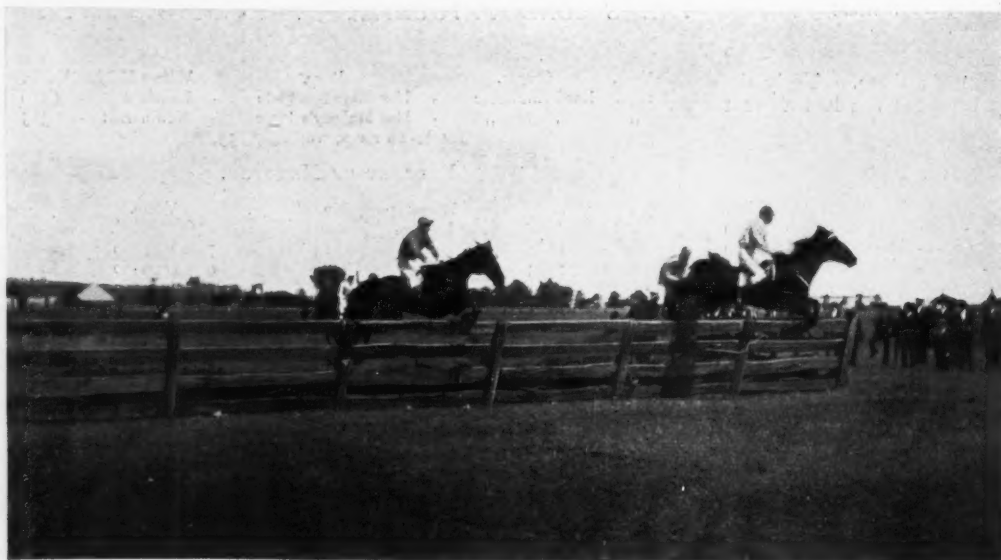


Photo. by Wall Brothers,

AUSTRALIAN STEEPLECHASING

St. Kilda, Melbourne.

Clothed up as they are, it is not possible to form a very accurate idea of their appearance; but they may both be described briefly as typical Walers, both, Daimio especially, coarse-built animals. Daimio is, moreover, in the opinion of many good judges, too big a horse ever to show first-class form as a steeple-chaser in this country. But, be that so or not, he is not yet acclimatised, and if he is the really good horse his reputation dubs him, it is quite likely that another season may find him so far improved into English jumping, by his schooling, as to enable him to win races over a country if not reaching to the height of Liverpool honours.

In addition to the pictures of the two Australian horses, we also give an illustration of



STEEPLECHASING IN AUSTRALIA, a glance at which, noting the character of the obstacles and the style of the horses jumping them, is quite sufficient to explain why Norton used to, and Daimio does, dwell so much at the jumps as to severely handicap their chances against horses schooled to take fences in the English way. No Australian horse who has been schooled for colonial steeplechasing would ever brush through a fence after the fashion of Seaport II. at Sandown Park, shown in our illustration entitled AFTER THE WATER, which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE of March 13th. Once rapping colonial fences, as he will do in practice, is quite enough. If it does not break his legs it gives

him a jar he never forgets, and he takes care to go high enough to clear every obstacle in future.

Anyone who has seen the Flemington Steeplechase Course, with its firmly-cemented stone wall and coping as one of the jumps, the double, and the firmly-fixed log fence, can experience no surprise that surgeons and nurses, with an ambulance, are in regular attendance on race-days. Lord Hopetoun, an ex-Governor of Victoria, in the course of a very interesting article in the *Badminton Magazine*, observed that this preparation for serious accident, though wise enough as events go, savours rather of the old Roman gladiatorial days and gladiatorial ways.

## THE BAR POINT-TO-POINT STEEPLECHASES.

HOWEVER antagonistic to sport the law may have lately been proved to be, ample evidence was forthcoming the other day that this is not the fault of the lawyers themselves. We refer to the Bar Point-to-Point Steeplechases, which were held on Saturday the 3rd, under the management of the Pegasus Club, near Epping, and which proved a brilliant success in every way. The Pegasus Club, which now numbers about 110 members, and was established some two years ago for the purpose of arranging annual steeplechases among members of the Inns of Court, deserves great credit for the manner in which it has fulfilled its object. Arrangements had been made for a special train from Liverpool Street for members and their friends, and also for conveyances to be in readiness at Epping to convey them to the scene of action some three miles distant, and, in addition, on the course there was a club tent, where light refreshments, in the shape of tea, whiskies and sodas, etc., were dispensed to members, their friends, and the neighbouring farmers. Point-to-point Races have quite taken the place of the old



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

IN THE PADDOCK.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

country meetings, and even when the company is deported from London, they still retain the style of the old rustic gatherings. Despite a very unpromising day and a bitter wind, a large crowd assembled at Liverpool Street, a crowd which, if it lacked the smartness of a "Waterloo" one on Jubilee Day, or the business-like look of a "Victoria" one on a

country meetings, and even when the company is deported from London, they still retain the style of the old rustic gatherings. Despite a very unpromising day and a bitter wind, a large crowd assembled at Liverpool Street, a crowd which, if it lacked the smartness of a "Waterloo" one on Jubilee Day, or the business-like look of a "Victoria" one on a



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

WITHIN THE MEANING OF THE ACT?

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

Plumpton Saturday, yet was highly representative of the world of Law.

It was the true spirit of sport which had induced some of these men of learning to desert their chambers and fees in order to see their learned friends perform feats of skill and valour in the saddle. The course, which reflected great credit on those responsible for it, considering the difficulties that arise owing to the restrictions of the number of flags by the National Hunt Committee, was well planned and quite unmistakable; hence no one went wrong once during the afternoon. The distance was about three miles, over the lands of Mr. Hart and Mr. Bosley—two good Hertfordshire sportsmen—all grass, with the exception of one plough, which rode a trifle



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE WEIGHING-ROOM.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE HEAVY-WEIGHTS CANTERING DOWN.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

heavy. The fences were not formidable in point of size, but most had good natural ditches, quite big enough to cause a nasty fall. Grief, however, was luckily very scarce, and all the riders expressed satisfaction with the course. There were three races, the first and second being respectively heavy-weight and light-weight races for practising members of the Bar, and the third being open to all members of the four Inns of Court. The result of each was very popular, the double event of Mr. Gilliat being very well received, as not only did he show excellent form, riding very quietly and confidently, but also as hon. secretary of the Pegasus Club he had worked hard for the success of the meeting.

Mr. Gilliat, we said, rode confidently; in the last race he rode over-confidently. In the laudable desire to show spectators how to win cleverly, he very nearly did not win at all, as after he had successfully negotiated the last fence and had got the others all beaten, he eased his own horse, and Mr. Mumm, on Diana, never ceasing riding, got up level

within a very short distance of the winning-post. Mr. Gilliat, however, more lucky than Woodland at Aintree, amidst great excitement, just managed to set his mount going again, and got home by a head.

The second race, which resulted in a win for Mr. Butcher, afforded the best finish; the first three jumped the last fence abreast, and Mr. Butcher coming with a rush won by two lengths, the second place going to Mr. Gee after a hard fight with Mr. Clowes, who rode a very vigorous finish, which if not quite so artistic as one of Tommy Loates's well-known efforts, at any rate was its equal in vigour and determination. The three winning horses were all penalised—Paddy and Fingall 10lb. each, for having won at this meeting last year, and Offley 14lb. for having won a Military Steeplechase at Aldershot. The class of the horses that ran, on the whole, was quite as good as could be expected, but it is probable that falls would have been more plentiful had the races been run faster; in the first and second the pace was exceptionally slow.

Mr. Justice Grantham showed that he was equally conversant with the duties of the "judge in the box" as of the judge on the bench, and Mr. Loftus Arkwright, M.F.H., successfully performed the duties of starter, while Mr. Stutfield, as clerk of the scales, was so prompt in the despatch of his duty that although the first race was quite half-an-hour late, yet the last race was started well up to time. It may be added that a few book-makers wandered about, and endeavoured to entice the men of the law to break the law, and from what little betting we heard of the fielders must have had the best of it, as, in the first race the talent to a man declared for Trilby O'Ferrall, and backed her against the field, and in the second race they did not look beyond



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE START; HEAVY-WEIGHTS.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Gordon. Possibly they may have got out by laying substantial odds on Offley for the last race. Let us hope they did. In the evening a highly-successful dinner was held at the Grand Hotel, when members of the Pegasus Club and their friends, to the number of about fifty, sat down, with the Lord Chancellor in the chair, supported by the Speaker, Mr. Justice Grantham, the Attorney-General, and many other legal celebrities. Below we give details of the races:—

## FIRST RACE.

## THE BAR HEAVY-WEIGHT RACE.

—A plate for horses of all ages which have not won under N.H. Rules, and are qualified by Rules 1 and 2 of the Conditions. Entrance 2 sovs., catch-weights over 13st. Winners extra. About 3 miles.

Mr. J. B. Gilliat's b. g.  
PADDY, aged (10lb. extra) Owner 1

Mr. J. G. Butcher, M.P.'s,  
b. m. COUNTESS, 5 years Owner 2

Mr. Howel Price's ch. m.  
BESSIE, aged - - Owner 3

Also ran: Mr. Terrell's  
Gay Lad (owner), Mr. Batten's  
Harpist (owner), Mr. R. Phill-

pott's Matchbox (owner), Mr. P. Illingworth's Trilby O'Ferrall (owner), Mr. J. B. Karslake's Somerset (owner). Harpist refused the first fence, and took no further part in the race. Countess made the running, closely followed by Paddy and Trilby O'Ferrall. A few fences from home Trilby O'Ferrall refused, and Paddy and Countess drawing away jumped the last fence together. Paddy then went to the front, and won easily by two lengths; a bad third. Somerset was fourth.

## SECOND RACE.

THE BAR LIGHT-WEIGHT RACE.—Catch-weights over 11st. 7lb. Other conditions, etc., the same as Bar Heavy-weight Race. About 3 miles.

Mr. J. G. Butcher, M.P.'s, FINGALL, aged (10lb. extra) Owner 1  
Mr. A. Gee's ch. g. THE GAMBLER, aged - - Owner 2  
Mr. P. Clowes' r. g. GORDON, aged (14lb. extra) - Owner 3

Also ran: Mr. T. Sadler's Queen of the May (owner), Mr. H. A. Steward's The Miller (owner), Mr. W. C. Russell's Commemoration (owner), Mr. Batten's Speculation (owner), Mr. E. Clayton's Merry Belle (owner), Mr. E. Cotton's Lady Hilda (owner), Mr. R. Mander's Thomas (owner).

Lady Hilda jumped off in front, but soon resigned her



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

IN FULL SWING.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."



Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

THE LAST FENCE.

Copyright—"COUNTRY LIFE."

## THIRD RACE.

THE INNS OF COURT OPEN RACE.—A plate for horses of all ages which are at the time of entry *bonâ-fide* and unconditionally the property of any member of the Inns of Court or of his parents. Catch-weights over 12st. 7lb. Winners extra. About 3 miles.

Mr. J. B. Gilliat's br. g. OFFLEY, aged (14lb. extra) Owner 1  
Mr. A. L. Mumm's br. m. DIANA, aged - - Owner 2  
Mr. E. S. Roscoe's b. m. VENDETTA, aged - Mr. Robertson 3

Also ran: Mr. R. Ellis's b. g. Osman Digna (owner), Mr. G. S. Bosanquet's Viking (14lb. extra) (owner).

Osman Digna led over the first fence at a good pace. Two fences on Offley went to the front, followed by Vendetta and Diana, Viking being outpaced. Coming over the last fence Offley drew away with the race in hand, but his rider, taking matters too easily, was caught a short distance from home by Diana, and only got home by a head; a bad third. Viking was fourth, and Osman Digna did not finish.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN good truth there is but one book of the day, Captain Mahan's "Life of Lord Nelson, the Embodiment of the Sea Power of Great Britain" (Sampson Low). For once in a way here is a book absolutely satisfactory and noble, in speaking of which the reviewer need place no check upon his superlative epithets, need not fear for a moment that even the most cynical of critics will accuse him of exuberance of phrase. "One of the first of naval classics," "the best life of Nelson ever written"—such is the language of the sedate authority of Printing House Square, from which the fountains of enthusiasm gush but rarely, in which the disease of journalistic hysteria is quite unknown. To do anything approaching to justice to Captain Mahan's masterly work is, in the brief space at our disposal, quite impossible. It is, indeed, a great book—and great books are very rare—on which essays innumerable might be written; but the public will be well advised to trouble itself very little with what other and lesser men may write concerning Captain Mahan's noble treatment of a noble subject, and to go straight to the fountain head. Captain Mahan has, indeed, given to the world an unequalled and unsurpassable presentment of the finest sea captains ever produced by Great Britain or the world; he has written a book which will live, as a literary no less than a naval classic, so long as the English tongue endures. That Captain Mahan was learned and accomplished as a naval historian we all knew before; but his Nelson raises him to the highest rank in literature. In the matter of style, that is to say in grace and dignity of language, the author shows himself worthy of his subject. As a critic of naval histories he stands in the foremost rank. So much experience led us to expect of him with confidence. Where he wins our lasting gratitude is in his just and comprehensive appreciation of the greatness, and the minor weaknesses, which combined to make the complex and illustrious character of our Nelson. We see the great Admiral as he lived, we feel his devotion to honour and to duty, we live in the atmosphere of his fearless courage, we are brought face to face with his unswerving promptitude in action, we seem to share that intuitive faith

in success which had so much to do with his many triumphs. Yet, as has been well written, Captain Mahan is no plausible flatterer. Firm believer as he is in the brilliancy of Nelson's genius, and in the nobility of his soul, he does not slur his weaknesses or attempt to palliate his more serious faults. The result is a truthful and a magnificent portrait drawn by a master's hand. This is a book which ought to find a place in the library of every gentleman who loves sound letters and the worthy treatment of a great subject, who desires to see his sons grow up in the true English spirit. We congratulate the author in all sincerity upon the invaluable contribution which he has made to the knowledge, and the patriotism, and the intellectual pleasure of the country from which his forefathers sprung.

A week or so has passed since we warned our readers to be on the watch for Mr. Snaith's new novel, "Fierceheart the Soldier." The volume has now been issued by Messrs. Innes, and our anticipation that it would be worthy of serious consideration is more than fulfilled. The author is still young—is, indeed, very young—and his work is defaced by many superficial faults. Never, not in "Ouida" at her best, nor in the *Daily Telegraph* during its palmy days, have we met with such wild extravagance of language; and for mixtures of metaphors, Mr. Snaith is bad to beat. What, for example, can be made of such a sentence as this—"He sprang from the cream of Britain; the richest Anglo-Scottian blood was abroad in his arteries; he had from Sir James the quickest and thickest Northern spirit, mellowed by the cool, sweet blood of an unsullied English mother"? It is, in truth, the very acme of pomposity and mixed metaphor; and of this fault, and others akin to it, Mr. Snaith will hear enough and to spare for the next month or more from icy critics, who will forget that he is but a boy of twenty or so, or, remembering the fact, will affect to think that some sharp castigation may do him good. But, to use Mr. Snaith's own words: "Frankly, boy, I admire you; ambition in a child must always be nurtured and encouraged; but ware, lest you be bogged, that's all"—for, to be plain, the writing of this boy has many faults, which may pass away under the teaching of time; but it has one pre-eminent virtue which no amount of time or teaching can give to the work of any man unless Nature has planted it in the man himself.

The young man has genius; he possesses the priceless power of the creator or maker; and it follows that the fringe of minor faults is as nothing. This story of the days of Prince Charlie lives and moves and carries one away in the reading. One cannot help feeling a personal regard for Sir James Seton and his son; for the blunt parson; for Daniel, the serving-man, and others. All these, and Prince Charles Edward, too, strike the reader as being of real flesh and blood. As for the descriptions, particularly that of the field of Prestonpans after the battle, they are of the first order of merit; and, in addition, Mr. Snaith has the saving gift of humour. Our advice to the public is simply that they do read the book, and that without delay. The only advice we venture to offer to him—for genius must not be hampered—is that he will be well advised to get to close grips with his subject more rapidly next time.

Nathaniel Hawthorne has, most justly, so many admirers, that all books which tend to increase our knowledge of him and his habits in life are to be welcomed; and it is from this point of view that the "Memories of Hawthorne," by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, are particularly to be recommended. In letters from Sophia Hawthorne we have here an interesting description of his life at Salem, at Liverpool, and in Italy.

One may not be educated up to an appreciation of Maeterlinck; it is possible even to dislike his methods and his theories without being accused of absolute ignorance and complete failure to keep pace with the times. Still, Maeterlinck is an important personage in European literature, and, if he is to be translated into English, it is well that the work should be done well. So much may certainly be predicted of the translation of "Le Trésor des Humbles," which has just appeared. The translator is Mr. Alfred Sutro, a dramatist of considerable gift, who has the pleasure, if we mistake not, of close intimacy with Maeterlinck. Mr. A. B. Walkley introduces Maeterlinck, as philosopher and "aesthetician," to the world. We fear that, at certain points, Mr. Walkley puzzles us more than the author whom he introduces; but Mr. Walkley is, it goes without saying, a very clever man.

At this point, having devoted designedly more space than is usual with us to two remarkable books, simply because they are remarkable, we turn to the literature of the future. Firstly, Mr. Lyne's "Life of Sir Henry Parkes" has been delayed in publication, but it may be produced at any moment now. Of African literature, the most interesting product of the next few days will come from the great house of Longmans in the form of Mrs. Hays Hammond's "A Woman's Part in a Revolution." We are not quite sure that Revolution is not too dignified an expression to apply to the proceedings, or lack of proceedings, at Johannesburg; but the book should be interesting, none the less. Mr. Murray will shortly produce a new edition of Byron, for which, by reason of the great amount of new material to be included, great success is predicted. In fiction we shall look forward with pleasurable anticipation to Mr. E. W. Hornung's "My Lord Duke," and to Mr. Morley Roberts's "Maurice Quain" (Hutchinson); also for Mrs. Alexander's "Mrs. Creighton's Creditor" (White).

The following books may be ordered from the library:—

- "Travel and Big Game." By Percy Selous. (Bellairs.)
- "Hints for the Hunting Field." By the Master of the Cleveland. (Simpkin.)
- "Scarlet and Steel." By E. Livingston Prescott. (Hutchinson.)
- "The Dagger and the Cross." By Joseph Hatton. (Hutchinson.)
- "Under Love's Rule." By M. E. Braddon. (Simpkin.)
- "Angela's Lover." By Dorothea Gerard. (Constable.)
- "From Grave to Gay." By St. Loe Strachey.

## TOWN TOPICS.

**L**ORD WINCHILSEA is not—as has been very freely reported—seriously ill in Paris. In fact he is, by this time, in England very much better for his three months' cessation from public duties. Although not able to preside at a meeting of the Central Council of the Agricultural Union held in London the other day, it was announced by Mr. R. R. B. Orlebar that his lordship, whom he had seen in Paris but two days previously, had not the least intention of resigning his position as president of the Union, as had been so industriously circulated. There was, as a matter of fact, no truth in the alarmist reports as to the serious state of his lordship's health. That Lord Winchilsea is immensely popular in agricultural circles was proved by the very hearty manner in which his name was received by the delegates and members present from all parts of the country. The meeting was a most important one, several hours being spent in discussion of an amended Parliamentary programme. Among those who took an active part in the discussion were Sir John Wickson Poynder and Mr. W. H. Grenfell, both well-known figures in the world of sport.

The Duke of Cambridge was the honoured guest at the public Lenten Supper which was held at Christ's Hospital at the close of the last term. The strains of the National Anthem greeted him on arriving there at seven o'clock, and he and the governors who were with him at once made their way to their seats. The boys were already in their places, and after the customary lesson and prayers had been read, the frugal supper of bread, butter, and coffee disposed of, and the tables cleared, the quaint old-time ceremony was once more enacted—this necessitated the boys being arranged in pairs, after which they marched past the Duke carrying the candles, table-cloths, and baskets containing all the vessels which had been used at supper, each pair pausing for a moment to make an obeisance in front of the Duke's chair. It is interesting to notice how year after year this primitive custom is regularly observed, when so many others which originated about the same date are now quite forgotten.

Those people who have waged war against the *matinée* hat are now agitating to have the size of ladies' headgear restricted on June 22nd. It is even suggested that Parliament should legislate on this subject, but this surely is expecting too much of members, who doubtless appreciate quite as much as their female relatives that the large picture hats are far more becoming to the generality of women than the unobtrusive toque.

It is some satisfaction to know that the Queen's gold plate has been safely moved from Windsor to Buckingham Palace. As usual, Mr. Charles Richards was in attendance, and he and his co-officials were armed to the teeth, prepared to do or die in defence of their trust. But though the treasure was conveyed from Paddington in vans with postilions dressed in blue jackets and light hats, and must have attracted a good deal of attention, the bold highwayman was conspicuous by his absence.

Valuable plate and jewels are by no means at a discount at the present time, for only the other day the jewellery belonging to a well-known actress

fetched over £2,200. It was sold in forty lots, and for one diamond necklace £485 was paid.

The curious piece of old silver which has lately come into the possession of Messrs. Davis, of Livery Street, Birmingham, has been proved to be the staff which was presented by an apothecary, named George Isaake, to the Bermondsey National and Parochial Schools, and the present owners have generously returned it to the parish to which it originally belonged.

The police force will have good reason to remember the Diamond Jubilee, seeing that this summer new regulations will come into force by which they will be provided with lighter clothing to wear during the hot weather. The helmet will not be changed in appearance, but will be considerably reduced in weight, and the cloth tunic will be replaced by a short coat of thin serge which will be worn without the belt, as the latter causes so much discomfort in the hot weather.

It would seem that this record year is to be marked by various alterations in dress, and amongst these changes, perhaps, none will find greater favour than that connected with the sailor suits for small boys. That fearful instrument of torture, the boatswain's whistle, which, for some unexplained reason, has hitherto been supplied with this dress—to the delight, it must be admitted, of the wearer, who blows it at all odd and inconvenient times with fiendish glee—is to be replaced by a gold or silver medallion bearing an impression of the Queen's head. The man from whom this brilliant idea evolved must have experienced the terrible discomfort which has hitherto been caused by small boys clothed in sailor suits.

Complaints are often made as to the difficulty of persuading the Post Office authorities to rectify inconvenient arrangements, but when people are practical in their method of bringing the facts into notice they usually succeed in attaining their object. Not long ago the inhabitants in a country place petitioned that their postman should be allowed the use of a horse and cart, as if he walked from the neighbouring post office the letters were often not delivered till mid-day. The authorities, being by no means convinced that this change was necessary, decided to have all the letters weighed one week, and then judge for themselves whether the amount was more than one man could conveniently carry. By some means the fact that this plan had been decided on became known in the neighbourhood, and curiously enough everyone that week had their grocery sent to them by post. The number of packages containing tea, rice, sugar, etc., was so great that the postman had to enlist the services of two other men to help him on his rounds. Ever since that memorable occasion he has been allowed a horse and cart.

Prince Louis of Löwenstein, who is about to marry Lady Anne Sville, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, is wrongly styled Prince Löwenstein in many of the papers. He is not the reigning Prince, but his youngest brother. The lady's family have felt much annoyed by the report that the marriage is to be a morganatic one. It is to be an equal union in all respects, even to the age of the contracting parties, both of whom are in their thirty-third year. The Mexboroughs are among the oldest English families. The marriage takes place at the end of this month, and their Highnesses intend to take a house in London, in Berkeley Square if possible. The house in Dover Street, which was for so long the Mexborough family mansion, is now the Empress Club, but the Earl has not gone far afield. He lives next door.

The Queen has been much struck by the beauty and gentleness of the young Princess Anna of Montenegro, sister to the Princess of Naples. Her marriage with Prince Franz-Josef of Battenberg is fixed for May. Princess Beatrice, whose sister the young princess will be, has taken a great fancy to her and has been much with her at Cimiez.

The announcement of the engagement between Mr. Harry McCalmont, M.P., and Mrs. Fanning cannot be said to have taken anyone by surprise. The marriage will take place on July 1st. Mrs. Fanning is the youngest daughter of General Sir Henry de Bathe. One of her sisters is Mrs. Harry Lawson, another Lady Crossley, and the third is the wife of Major H. Mervyn Archdale, 12th Lancers.

Cookery books are not, as a rule, very entertaining reading, being mostly made up of a collection of weird recipes which only the frugal housewife is able to understand; but that they can be made readable and amusing is shown by the latest volume in that line, entitled "Cakes and Ale," by Edward Spencer, otherwise Nathaniel Gubbins, of the *Sporting Times* (published by Grant Richards). It goes without saying that, by such an author, the book will not be like an ordinary cookery book. It is full of entertaining anecdotes. We learn that the ancient Egyptians knew all about the toothsome pea, while we are also told that, "though the origin of the potato is doubtful, it is tolerably certain that it was used by the ancients in warfare," probably as a missile. It is interesting to know that Pythagoras forbade his disciples to eat beans, and that, according to Greek mythology, asparagus grew in the Elysian fields; while it will come as news to many that the Germans call spinach "stomach-brush." These little tit-bits are sufficient to show that the book is worth reading by those who wish not only to eat dainty food, but also to "laugh and grow fat."

The skating clubs close for the season in a few days, and upon that will follow a subtle change in smart afternoon dress, fitting it for wear in the park rather than within an enclosure affording a background of a becoming kind.

A new feature of interest has been added to the Spring Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours by the contribution of six pictures by H.I. Majesty The Empress Frederick of Germany. The subject in each is taken from Grecian scenes; two being views of the "Akropolis"; two of "Lykabitas"; one is "A Convent in Athens," and the last "The Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter."

The attention of the London County Council has been attracted to the regulations necessary for bicyclists in Battersea Park, and as this is undoubtedly the most suitable place for exercise of this kind, it is just as well that before the summer season the matter should be considered by the authorities. It seems likely that a monopoly will be granted to one firm, who will be allowed to let out machines, and that the cost of hire per hour will be very considerably reduced.

Roller skating, at least so far as London is concerned, seems now to be completely monopolised by street boys, as nobody else is ever seen using them as a means of locomotion, but this, of course, does not apply to the new sort of road skates which are glorified rollers with rubber tyres. On these rather cumbersome foot-gear it is possible to travel at the rate of 14 miles an hour, and the Company that brought them out a few months ago have now sold over 800 pairs, which shows that they are likely to become fairly popular. A great many of these have been sent abroad to India and other countries, where they have proved to be a useful mode of transit over rough roads. With all these new appliances it is not likely that in the dim future the exercise of walking will be much indulged in by the human race!



# Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

**M**ONDAY: My mother has said, let there be light, and there is not a glimmer, and the electricians are still busy doing nothing. The gas has been cut off pending their operations; the quality of the grocer's candles is decidedly strained. In the evenings I have a consciousness that my hair is absolutely crooked, and the powder is ill-distributed on the bridge of my nose, and my mother smiles serenely and says that for her part there never was any light to equal that of an oil lamp. Under these circumstances I am tempted to demand somewhat querulously "Why instal the electric light at so much inconvenience to your favourite daughter?" There are miles of tubing in the basement, there are half-a-dozen men in the area, and half-a-dozen men in the road using inelegant language, and evidently telling each other funny stories. We do not derive the slightest comfort from any of our visitors, who are just about as cheering in their little anecdotes of the many weeks people they have known have waited for their electric light as the domestic servant is when anybody is ill. She invariably tells of one of her relatives who "was took just in the same way and died in agony." I jealously watch every hour of daylight, which happily are many, and have decided until matters are better arranged in our internal economy to dine out every evening. It is not so much the matter of dinner as of dressing which distresses me. I shall yet be discovered on Essie's doorstep with a portmanteau. I have warned her that in all probability I shall be a staying guest who is not a paying guest within the next few hours. I cannot say the news seemed exactly to exhilarate her, but she gave a nod of acquiescence.

**WEDNESDAY:** I have done it—there was no use talking about it any longer. I cannot continue to dress by the light of three candles placed in the wrong position to cast their reflections on my questionable beauties. I am staying at Essie's. I have been spending the afternoon looking at her frocks which have just come from Paris, together with six hats of most attractive detail. One of her dresses is made of that biscuit-coloured cloth at the present moment the idol of fashion. It is trimmed with narrow strappings of white satin, machine-stitched into con-



A DRAB CLOTH DRESS STRAPPED AND FRILLED WITH WHITE GLACE-SILK.



A MATRON'S MANTLE OF BLACK-POPLIN AND JET FRILLED WITH CHIFFON.

ventional patterns. The bodice is covered with little designs of white satin, and turns back with revers elaborately frilled, and it overhangs a belt at the waist and has a very short basque round the hips. She is to wear this with a pale mauve hat covered with shaded mauve poppies with a large bunch of honesty at one side. Her black evening dress excited a fair share of my admiration. It is made of satin with a very deep flounce from the knees of lisse traced with designs of écu lace, and jet and steel. The bodice is of ordinary form overhanging a belt, and made of the lisse and lace, and round the shoulders is a deep collar of the lace fastened at one side with a bunch of violet cyclamen and pale pink roses. She has a new blouse which I should like to tempt her to believe unbecoming, so that she might bestow it upon her most worthy relation. This is made of plaid silk in blue and violet, and white and green, and has a vest of white muslin and valenciennes lace set into little frills across the figure. The revers are of the jabot shape, edged with black.

satin ribbon, and the basque is tabbed, and shows the same adornment. It is just the sort of bodice one wants to wear every day, and every hour, at the moment when it is impossible to cast off the comfortable influence of the coat, and it is as impossible to exist warmly with a sleeveless vest under this.

FRIDAY: My amiable hostess gave a young people's dinner — which would suggest to the uninitiated in the use of the English language as she is writ, that the young people comprised the menu. I sat next to an enterprising gentleman from South Africa, quite the biggest story-teller that, I should think, ever existed since the world was young. He glibly contradicted himself once every five minutes, and told me that he was the head of every Legislative Committee in the length and breadth of the Transvaal, and Rhodesia, and Capetown. Not alone had he planned the Raid, according to his own account, but he was Kruger's confidential aide-de-camp, while he was first horseman to Jameson, and held in the hollow of his hand the entire wealth of the Colony. I expected him to tell me that he had inoculated the cattle with rinderpest, that he held the sole rights to trade in tinned pickles, and that Rhodes moved as he pulled the string. All men are liars, said some other great philosopher, even before the days of South African millionaires, so I suppose we ought to forgive the inevitable, but it is odd to meet anyone so dense that he cannot credit a woman with the least discernment. Anyhow,



A CHERRY-COLOURED GLAZE BLOUSE WITH ECRU LACE VEST.

my friend saved me all necessity for reply, for he never left off talking for one moment, which appears to be another of the many peculiarities of the travellers from South Africa. In the intervals of listening to his instructive discourse, I gathered the details of the frocks of the three other girls at the table. One of them wore a white muslin, with the skirt kilted à soleil and striped with cream insertions. The bodice, fashioned on the same plan, had a sash round the waist of chiné ribbon in white with pink rosebuds bordered with blue, and in her hair, quite in the style of the early fifties, I think, there was a small wreath of tiny roses terminating at one side with an aigrette of buds and leaves. The effect was quite good—there is no doubt that the head should be decorated. Her sister, who had refrained from such adornment, looked quite unimportant in comparison, and she wore a pretty frock too of pale pink satin with a bodice of Irish lace mounted on pink lisse, and fastened with diamond buttons. The pink satin belt was drawn through a diamond buckle at the waist at the back in a manner very becoming to the figure, and in the front there were thrust into this waistband a group of blue forget-me-nots and pink roses. The third most worthy frock was entirely made of coat of mail jet; the weight of this must have been something prodigious, but the effect was delightful, the details being absolutely simple, the décolletage showing a few folds of white tulle, and the short pleated sleeves of the same being edged with quillings. Black and white is a delightful combination, I think, and on the whole I enjoyed that party, and have promised to take my tame South African out to tea to-morrow. I have been wondering all the evening how many coffee eclairs it will be possible for me to devour while he romances over the tragedies of Mashonaland.

## IN THE GARDEN.



W. Norman,

A COUNTRY COTTAGE.

Bedford.

### THE AQUILEGIA OR COLUMBINE.

A FAIRY-LIKE flower is the Aquilegia, known to many as the Columbine, the arrangement of its dainty petals suggesting the shape of a Columbine's dress. Every large garden should have a good bed of these plants to cut from only. No flower is more useful for the house, especially to use in table decorations. One of our most successful floral decorators has won more prizes with decorations in which Aquilegias and Sweet Peas played the chief part than with any other flowers.

The species are far less hardy than the hybrids, which consist of forms produced by intercrossing, with the result we get a rich variety of colours, in which the beautiful shades seen in the species are present. A cærulea, A. chrysantha, A. californica, and A. glandulosa have all been crossed to give birth to hybrid forms.

In the catalogues the hybrids will be found under such a name as A. cærulea hybrida, or mixed hybrids, both races giving a profusion of colours. A packet of seed will give many plants, and if the seed is sown at once in a well-prepared corner out-of-doors, or in a shallow pan placed in a frame, a sturdy stock will be secured for flowering next year. It should never be forgotten that Aquilegias are always best regarded as biennials; that is, the seed is sown one year to produce flowering plants the following season. The soil must be rich, deep, and the seedlings transplanted when quite young. Divided plants rarely survive the operation, and if they do the results are seldom satisfactory.

### THE GENTIANAS.

As beautiful as the Bluebells in an English wood are the alpine Gentians that dye the mountain side with colour, as if kissed by a summer sky. Alpine travellers know their beauty. In high mountain regions they cover the earth in broad masses with a carpet of richest blue. Many of the Gentians are troublesome to manage in gardens, but some behave reasonably. As precious as any is the Gentianella (G. acaulis). It is very charming as an edging in moist loam, its short, dense growth almost hidden in spring and early summer with bold intense blue flowers. The vernal Gentian (G. verna) is a native, but not very common. It has smaller blue flowers than the Gentianella, but is a perfect rock plant, delighting in gritty loam, full exposure to sunshine, and abundance of water in dry summers. Flat pieces of sandstone between the tufts keep the roots cool, and prevent evaporation. Far stronger and taller than these dwarf kinds is the Willow Gentian (G. asclepiadea), which sends out numerous long stems of flowers, blue in the type, but white in the variety alba. The plant dies down each year, and comes up again the following spring, spreading with age into a luxuriant growth. A moist soil is essential, and protection from hot sunshine. The little G. bavarica, G. septemfida, G. pneumonanthe, and G. Andrewsii are pretty, too, but not so handsome as those described.

### SEEDLING ANTIRRHINUMS.

If strong seedling Antirrhinums, or Snapdragons, as the children call them, are planted out now or any time within the next month, they will flower freely throughout the summer. Antirrhinums are splendid garden plants, free, graceful, and quaint in colour. We enjoy most the rich selfs, crimson, yellow, white and so forth. Plants of these colours will make a rich picture boldly grouped. A white variety in the possession of the writer was the most beautiful flower in a garden crammed with good things last summer. It made a display for several weeks, and blossomed even in the autumn. When seed vessels are picked off the flowering season is considerably prolonged.

### HARDY WATER LILIES.

A fair family of flowers is the Water Lily, the Nymphaeas, which it is pleasant to know are seen in many gardens. Their culture is, however, small, and flowerless lakes and ponds too common. Of recent years a race of hybrids has been raised, which combine the rich colouring of the Eastern kinds with the softer tints of those in more temperate lands. These hybrids are hardy, and a lakeful of them on a hot summer day is a revelation to those unaware of the many splendid forms raised in recent years. From white to ruby crimson the colours range; one named the Canary Water Lily (N. Marliacea Chromatella) having very large flowers of softest yellow, the leaves deep crimson when matured. This is the best season of the year for planting, and few things are so easy to grow. The larger kinds should be planted on a mound of good loam and manure and not more than eighteen inches or two feet beneath the surface. This is only possible where the water can be in a great measure drained off. As a rule, the Lilies must be put into large baskets, the smaller forms and quite plants being put into shallow water. We shall be very pleased to help any reader who contemplates making a water garden if the rules about answers to correspondents are observed. It is a large and fascinating subject.

### A BEAUTIFUL EDGING

Is composed of white Pinks and the Veronica prostrata, which is a mass of intense blue flowers when the Pinks are in beauty. Plants put in now will flower this summer, but there must be no delay.